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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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Xmas cooking without butter ...

... WITH VERSATILE

MAXAM BAKEO

Versatile Bakeo! Anybody can make the richest, crispest, lightest pastry without fuss or bother with Maxam Bakeo—and a host of other things besides. You can make delicious cakes, puddings, biscuits and marvellous cheese straws! Here are some timely, tested recipes for Xmas cooking—recipes that will save you time, save you butter—and win all round applause.



MAXAM BAKEO XMAS CAKE

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 lb. mixed fruit | 1 large cup brown sugar |
| 1 large cup water (cold) | 2 teaspoons of spice |
| Pinch of salt | Spirits or wine if desired |
| Nuts if desired | |

METHOD: (1) Place in a saucepan the above ingredients. Let this boil for 10 minutes. (2) When cool add 3 eggs, beat well. (3) Add 1 packet of Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture and mix well together. (4) Place mixture in a greased and lined cake tin and bake for 2½ hours (approx.).



MAXAM BAKEO FRUIT MINCE PIES

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 lb. suet | 1 oz. nutmeg, cinnamon and all |
| 1 lb. sugar | spice (mixed together) |
| 2 lb. currants | ½ pt. brandy |
| ½ lb. seeded raisins | Juice of 4 lemons |
| ½ lb. candy peel | Rind of 1 lemon |
| 1½ lb. apples | ½ teaspoon salt |

METHOD: Put the ingredients through the mincing machine, mix well together and pack in dry airtight jars. The pastry for the Pies (either one large pie or small pies in patty pans, whichever preferred) will be Bakeo pastry, of course! Add an egg to the Bakeo and then follow directions on the packet.



MAXAM BAKEO XMAS PUDDING

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 lb. mixed fruit (or 2 lb. if desired) | ½ cup cold water |
| ½ cup brown sugar | ½ teaspoon carb. soda |
| Pinch of salt | ½ teaspoon spice |
| Good pinch of grated nutmeg | Spirits if desired |

METHOD: (1) Boil and allow to cool. (2) Add one tablespoon treacle, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 packet Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture. (3) Beat till smooth. (4) Place in a greased basin and tie firmly a piece of greased paper over basin to make airtight. (5) steam 3 to 3½ hours. If pudding is allowed to stand, reheat before serving for ½ hour. Serve with brandy sauce.

MAXAM BAKEO
makes perfect pastry
without measuring,
mixing or mess—and
a host of other things
besides!

Two more Maxam holiday helps

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Creamy, restful, mellow Maxam—the cheese with Balanced Flavour! A subtle blending of matured and mild cheddars that pleases every taste. Australia's choicest packet cheese!





JIZZLE

By ...
JOHN BEYNON

THE first thing Ted Torby saw, when he opened his eyes, was a monkey perched on the top of the cupboard, watching him. He sat bolt upright with a jerk that joggled Rosie awake and shook the whole trailer. He closed his eyes, and looked again, hard. The monkey was still there, staring at him with round dark eyes.

"What's the matter?" Rosie asked sleepily. Then she saw the direction of his gaze. "Oh, that! Serves you right."

"It's real?" said Ted.

"Of course it's real."

Ted leaned back, keeping his eyes fixed warily on the monkey. Painful memories of the previous evening began to reassemble in his mind.

"I'd forgotten," he said.

"I don't wonder," said Rosie. And then she added, with a slightly sadistic shading: "I expect you've got a lovely headache."

Ted did not answer.

"How much did you give for it?" asked Rosie, nodding at the monkey.

"Couple o' quid," said Ted.

"Two good pounds for that," she said, "And you call your customers mugs!"

There was no response from Ted; actually it had been ten pounds, and he had beaten the man down from fifteen. A small Frenchman he was, standing in the bar of The Gate and Goat, and he had this monkey for sale—"Ma petite Giselle," he called her.

As a member of the circus and a seller of patent medicine, Ted Torby was proof against this sort of casual salesman, but when the man told him what the monkey could do, and then showed him, Ted weakened. He offered five, the Frenchman asked fifteen, and they settled for ten and a bottle of whisky.

They drank the whisky together, and nothing was very clear after that, but evidently he had got back to the trailer somehow—and with the monkey.

"He's got fleas," said Rosie, wrinkling her nose.

"It's a female," said Ted. "And monkeys don't have fleas."

The monkey glanced at them and gave a kind of snickering noise.

Ted lay and contemplated the monkey for a while and it returned his gaze with complete indifference. Rosie continued to regard it without favor.

"Where are you going to keep it? I'm not going to have it in here."

"Why not?" asked Ted. "She's quite clean."

"How do you know? You were drunk when you bought it."

"Don't keep on calling her it. She's a her. Her name is Jizzle."

"Jizzle?" repeated Rosie.

"A French name," Ted explained.

Rosie frowned as though its Frenchness was, somehow, a further mark against it.

"She's no ordinary monkey—she's educated," said Ted. "I'll show you how educated she is. Worth a fortune. You watch." And he got out of bed to coax Jizzle down from her perch.

There could be no doubt after that; one demonstration was enough to convince the most prejudiced that Jizzle was a gold mine.

"I wonder why he sold it—her," said Rosie. "He could have made a fortune."

"I guess he just wasn't a showman," Ted said, "or a businessman, either."

After breakfast he left the trailer and looked at the sign above his medicine stand: "Dr. Steven's Psychological Stimulator."

In addition to this there were boldly lettered posters: "A Steady Mind is a Ready Mind. Planned Thinking Pays. Snap Beats Flap. Mobilise Mentally and Make Money."

For the first time in his career the display failed to please him. Still, he was astonished to think of the number of two and sixpences it had helped to draw in exchange for his "Famous World-Unique Mental Tonic."

"May as well ditch this lot," he said. "We'll need a tent with benches and a stage." He went back to the trailer.

"I must think," he explained to Rosie. "I have to work out the patter and the publicity, and we'll get you a new dress for the act."

The try-out took place a couple of days later before a critical audience drawn from the circus. It included El Magnifico, Gipsy Clara, George Haythorpe from the rifle range, Pearl Verity, the Only Authentic Three-legged Woman in the World, and a sprinkling of others from both the main and side shows.

Please turn to page 4

All through the act, Rosie stood apart, glaring at Ted and the gleeful monkey.

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a corset
with an
adjustable
waist!



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HI-LINE

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for midriff-control . . .

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9/2PC8

It was only a small audience, but Ted nevertheless delivered the build-up as though he addressed a large crowd, and ended with the phrase: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the greatest—the unbelievable—the supreme wonder of the animal world—JIZZLE." The applause was enthusiastic.

The monkey sat on a square table with a red-fringed top, and beside her stood an easel with a large pad of sketching paper. She wore a bright yellow dress and a blue beret.

Rosie entered from the left, and her smile could have deceived no one. She had flatly declined to wear the costume Ted had designed for her.

"I've told you I won't, and I won't. You can dress your beastly monkey how you like, but you won't make me dress like it," she said.

Rosie now wore the familiar costume in which she was accustomed to hand out bottles of Psychological Stimulator.

After a few more high commendations of his protegee, Ted moved over to the easel and struck a pose. Rosie advanced and handed Jizzle a drawing pencil. Immediately Jizzle was on her feet, her left hand holding on to the side of the pad, her right hand drawing swiftly.

An astonished muttering broke out among the spectators. Her technique had a certain simian flavor, but the likeness to Ted was indisputable.

Ted tore off the sheet and moved away, and Rosie took his place. Once more Jizzle's sketch was remarkable. The audience's laugh put Rosie's professional expression to a test which it only just survived.

"Now, if any lady or gentleman in the audience—" suggested Ted.

Ted continued with his patter while Jizzle drew portrait after portrait. She needed no persuasion; the moment one sheet was torn off she started on the next as if the plain paper were an irresistible invitation. By the end of the show the stage was decorated with portraits of everyone in the small audience.

People clustered around Jizzle as if they were still not quite convinced of what they had seen. Rosie stood apart, and turned a gloomy look on the smug Jizzle.

Rosie didn't know exactly why she disliked the monkey. Jizzle was abnormal, a freak, but, then, so was Pearl, the three-legged woman.

Perhaps, Rosie decided, it was the way Jizzle snickered when she caught Rosie's eye.

All the same, Jizzle became the third occupant of the trailer.

"She's worth thousands of pounds to us," Ted pointed out. "We can't risk having her stolen. And we can't risk her getting ill, either. Monkeys need warm places to live in."

This was all quite true, and so Jizzle stayed.

From the first there was never any doubt of the act's success. Ted raised the admission from one shilling to two and the price of a Jizzle drawing from two and sixpence to five shillings. He opened negotiations for a larger tent.

His audiences were invariably delighted with Jizzle's drawings, but Rosie's sensitive ear detected a different note of laughter when they saw her portrait. It rankled. She kept her temper for a week and then struck.

"She makes me look more like a monkey every time. I believe she does it on purpose," Rosie said. "She keeps on glaring and spying on me."

"Darling, that's sheer imagination. All her drawing is a bit monkeyish—after all, it's only natural," Ted remonstrated.

"I don't care what you say. She just sits there watching and snickering, and I've had enough of her in the act. You can do it without me. If you must have someone, get Irene from the hoop-la. She won't mind."

Jizzle Continued from page 3

Ted was genuinely distressed. He and Rosie had always got along so well together and he had wanted her to have more pleasures and comforts than the returns from Dr. Steven's Stimulator would provide.

But now that the big chance had come, discord had arrived with it. No one acquiring such a valuable property as Jizzle could afford not to exploit her properly. Rosie was perfectly well aware of that—but, well, women got such queer fixed ideas.

Business thrived. Ted's show was promoted to mention on the advance bills. Jizzle also thrived. She took to Ted's left shoulder as her favorite perch, which was somehow slightly flattering, and good publicity.

Little was to be seen of Rosie, however. She seemed always to be off drinking tea in some other caravan. If Ted had to go out on business he had to shut Jizzle up in the trailer alone.

His single suggestion that Rosie might act as guardian had met with such an emphatic refusal that he did not like to repeat it. At night Rosie did her best to ignore Jizzle altogether. The monkey responded with sulky moods which broke on occasion into snickers. At such times Rosie would glare at her angrily.

Ted was aware that Rosie had grown less companionable towards him. It worried him; the money that now rolled in was by no means everything.

Had he not been a reasonable, clear-thinking man he might have begun to feel some resentment against Jizzle himself . . .

The puzzle was to a great extent resolved on a night when Ted came back to the trailer later than usual. He had had several drinks, but he was not drunk. He walked into the

"Put not your trust in money, put your money in trust."

—American saying.

trailer with a sheet of paper in his hand, and stood looking down at Rosie, who was already asleep.

"Wake up," he said, shaking her roughly by the shoulder.

Rosie, startled out of sleep, was bewildered. Ted glared down at her.

"Now I understand quite a lot," he said angrily. "Spying on you, you said. What a fool I've been! No wonder you didn't want her around."

"What are you talking about?" Rosie demanded, with tears already in her eyes.

"You know. I expect everyone knows but me."

"But, Ted—"

"You can save your breath. Look at this!"

He unrolled the sheet of paper before her. Rosie stared at it. It was surprising what a few simple lines could convey.

"While I was doing the patter," Ted said. "All laughing their heads off before I saw what was happening. Funny, isn't it?" He looked down at the drawing.

There could not be a moment's doubt for any who knew them that the woman and man caught in an affectionate embrace were Rosie and El Magnifico, the lion tamer.

Rosie flushed. She jumped from the bed and made a vicious grab at the top of the cupboard. Jizzle evaded her skilfully.

Ted caught her arm and jerked her back.

"It's too late for that now," he said.

The flush had gone, leaving her face white.

"Ted," she said. "You don't believe—?"

"Spying on you!" he repeated.

"But, Ted, I—"

Ted reached one hand behind him

and unlatched the door. He turned Rosie round and thrust her outside. She stumbled down the three steps, tripped on the hem of her nightgown, and fell to the ground.

Ted slammed the door shut, and snapped the bolt.

Up on the cupboard Jizzle snickered. Ted threw a saucer at her. She dodged it, and snickered again.

Next morning the manager and the ringmaster were faced with the problem of finding at short notice a man of presence and intrepid appearance to take El Magnifico place in the lion's cage. Half the day passed before anyone but Ted knew that Rosie was also missing.

Ted spent the next few days in alternate moods of anger and remorse. He had not realised what Rosie's absence would mean. He had done, as he saw it, the only thing a man could do in the circumstances—but very bitterly he was aware of the craven wish that he had never learned the circumstances.

Jizzle's perching on his shoulder became a source of irritation. He took to pushing her off impatiently. But for the monkey he would never have known about Rosie. He began to hate the sight of Jizzle.

For a week he continued to give the show, mechanically, but with increasing distaste. Then he approached George Haythorne of the rifle range. George reckoned it could be done. Muriel, his wife, could easily manage the range with a girl to help her; he himself was willing to take over Jizzle and run the act, with Ted retaining a twenty per cent. interest in the gross.

"That is," George added, "if the monkey will stand for it. She seems very attached to you."

For a day or two it appeared doubtful that Jizzle would leave Ted, but gradually, by patient and repeated removal, the change of mastery was made plain to her. She sulked for two days and finally accepted it.

It was a relief to be free of Jizzle—but it did not bring back Rosie. The trailer seemed emptier than ever. After a few days of morbid inactivity Ted took himself in hand.

He pulled out his old stock, unrolled some of the old bills for the Psychological Stimulator, and settled down to letter some new ones: "Modernise your mentality. Confidence creates cash. A keen mind is a key mind."

In a short while he was back at the old stand, but it wasn't the same without Rosie handing out the bottles.

Jizzle was now working well with George. The act was playing to capacity, but Ted felt no tinge of jealousy or regret as he watched the crowds going in. Even his share of the takings brought him little pleasure. He would have given any amount of money just to have Rosie beside him again. He tried to trace her, but without success.

A month passed. Then one night Ted was awakened by a knock on the trailer door. His heart thumped. Even at that moment he had been dreaming of Rosie! He jumped out of bed to open the door.

But it was not Rosie. It was George, with Jizzle on his shoulder and one of the rifles from the range in his hand.

"What?" began Ted dazedly. He had been so sure it was Rosie coming back. "What—?"

"I'll show you what, you blighter," said George. "Just take a look at that!"

He held out a sheet of paper.

Ted looked, then raised his bleary eyes from the piece of paper, which was a drawing of himself and George's wife in an affectionate embrace.

George lifted the rifle. On his shoulder Jizzle snickered.

(Copyright)

DANGER ZONE

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

boy picks up all those crazy ideas? Perhaps I ought to talk to his teacher?"

"They're all westerners," Vlasta said, her tongue stumbling over her own words. "He never does his Russian homework. Last week he brought home earthworms in a box and put them on my picture of Generalissimo Stalin." The way she pronounced it, it sounded "Generalissimo Btalin." Jaroslav had to laugh.

"Eat your vegetables, Vlasta," mother said. So they were having vegetables. Probably carrots and turnips again. At least he didn't miss anything. "Don't worry about him, father. All the boys about here like American cars and planes."

"So did I," father said angrily. "I was crazy about them. But where were they, that night in May, 'forty-five, when we were fighting out on the barricades, praying for them to come? Where were they then?"

Mother gave a deep sigh.

"And furthermore," father said with finality, "times have changed. I'll give him a good spanking. That'll teach him, once and for all."

Teach him! Those grownups would never understand you. But how could they understand that the cars and planes were only part of it?

Jaroslav could tell all American cars by the sounds of their engines—well, not all; not those new ones which he had never seen here. He wondered what the engine of Jim's command car had sounded like. It was more than three years now since Jim had been here, and Jaroslav had never seen an American Army command car since.

It had been in May, 1945, during the liberation. Everybody had been out on the barricades: Father, running around with his red and white armband of the revolutionary guard; mother, cooking potato soup in her biggest kettle. Jaroslav had been carrying the soup to the people behind the barricades.

Pan Vesely had been there, the landlord, who owned a Tatra automobile, two houses and a factory; old Professor Stransky from the University, who was now in gaol; the Widow Blazkova, wearing bedroom slippers as always; and Kratochvil, the postman. Funny seeing Pan Vesely, Kratochvil, and father eat soup out of the same kettle.

FINALLY the Russian soldiers had arrived, and when it was all over Pan Vesely and Kratochvil and father had embraced one another and the Russians, laughing and shouting and drinking beer.

It was a pity that the shouting and drinking couldn't last forever and you had to go back to school, doing your homework and going to bed at eight. Jaroslav wished that those exciting days would come back and that Jim would come back with them. His friend, Jim.

Jim and his American captain had arrived the day after the liberation in their command car. Everybody cheered them wildly. Father said, "Just wait; now the Americans will arrive in town; a regiment, or a division, maybe the entire Third Army. Just wait."

But then the Americans had remained somewhere behind the demarcation line, in Pilsen, and everybody was beginning to wonder about Jim and his captain. They took over a flat in one of Pan Vesely's houses that had formerly been occupied by an S.S. officer who had run away.

Pan Vesely was delighted.

"The Americans pay no rent," he had said to father, with his friendliest face, "but it's good to have them in the house. One never knows—" He'd given father an eloquent glance. Pan Vesely had three different faces: a cold one for his tenants, a bored one for his wife, and a smiling, friendly face for the people he was afraid of.

Jaroslav had never been inside the flat where Jim and his captain lived. Jim said, "It was a mess, with all those papers lying around, you know." Jaroslav didn't know what Jim meant, but he was much happier, anyway, sitting with Jim on the leather-covered seats of the command car—command and reconnaissance car, Jim had taught him to say.

After a few weeks, Jaroslav understood almost every word of what Jim was saying. You see, Jim wasn't one of those silly grownups; in appearance, perhaps, for he was tall and blond, but he didn't have two voices and three different faces. He was always the same; with him you knew where you stood.

Jim liked to laugh a lot with his mouth wide open. He would slap Jaroslav's shoulder, let him open the hood of the command car and make the engine race.

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THE terrifying part of it was that you didn't understand what was really happening. It hadn't mattered so long as your private little world wasn't affected and everything was merely a noisy succession of parades and speeches, of flags and placards. In fact, that had been fun.

True, the flags would change and the speeches, and so would the blown-up faces of the men on the placards and the printed slogans underneath, but then, grownups were silly people. Grownups didn't know what they really wanted. Forever changing their minds.

Three years ago all the shop windows in town had displayed pictures of Roosevelt, Benes, and Stalin. Then the pictures of Roosevelt had disappeared and it had been Benes and Stalin only. Afterwards it was Stalin and Gottwald. And now many shops displayed Gottwald alone.

What would those silly grownups think of next? "Eat your potato soup," mother said. "It's getting cold."

"I don't like potato soup," Jaroslav said.

"What's that?" Father's voice had the ominous, threatening inflection that Jaroslav knew so well. It was father's home voice. At his office, where he presided over rows of obedient filing cabinets, or on the street when he met Pan Vesely, the landlord, father's voice would be quite different—his outside voice. Soft and cautious, almost meek.

Strange, these grownups. Why would anybody have two voices?

"Come on," father said. "What's wrong with the soup?"

"We had potato soup yesterday, father." The boy shrugged. "I thought we'd have some meat to-day."

Mother said, "Maybe we'll have a stew on Sunday. If I can get a little beef on our ration cards."

To-day was Thursday. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Jaroslav put down his spoon.

"If we'd made friends with the Americans, we could have meat every day," he heard himself say.

His voice sounded strange and distant. He was astonished, because he couldn't understand what had made him say that. He must have heard it somewhere. Or maybe he'd been thinking of Jim. Jim had always had plenty of meat and other good things in tins.

Father stopped eating.

"I'm going to beat this boy," he said to mother in a quiet voice. "He will get us all into gaol."

On the other side of the table, Vlasta began to giggle. Jaroslav didn't even bother to give her a look. Grownups were silly, but Vlasta, an eight-year-old giggling frog, was just plain stupid.

"He's a zapadovec, a westerner," Vlasta said. She wore braces on her front teeth and couldn't pronounce s, z, and c, which made the word sound like "bapadoveb." "All the boys in his class are. They collect pictures of American planes. He's got them hidden in his bottom drawer. I know, I know."

"Quiet, Vlasta," father said. He turned toward the boy. "You go into your room. Out!"

"Don't, father," mother said in her tired voice. Mother always sounded as if she were sighing. "He doesn't understand. He's just a silly eleven-year-old boy."

"He understands very well. If he doesn't like potato soup, he won't get anything . . . Out, I said!"

Jaroslav pushed back his chair and walked out. Vlasta giggled stupidly, but he didn't slap her face as she deserved. He wasn't even going to cry. He went into his room, which was next to the dining-room, and closed the door behind him.

"I would like to know," he heard father say through the closed door, "where that



"Take this," the woman said softly, holding out the dish of food to Jaroslav.



Light-hearted Affairs....

in sun-defying beachwear of Summer Breeze... the coolest cotton haircord
 ever to bedeck a siren's slenderness with gaiety... to adorn her with morn-to-
 midnight casuals of cotton-crisp allure... and conquest-making formals
 to keep her daisy-fresh through summer's dancing hours.

Summer Breeze

A CAESAR



FABRIC

Poison in the House

DRAMATIC complications follow when domineering REFF STEEN, learning that his niece, VASHTI STEEN, is in Perth with a theatrical company, determines to bring her to his station home, Pelvernon, and make her his heir.

By
A. E. MARTIN

He arranges to marry her at once to young farmer CHARLIE BATES, but the girl secretly promises to marry bankrupt STEVE GARVIE. She has actually only come to Pelvernon to carry through a confidence trick with SAM SPELLMAN, her dancing partner, by which they defraud Steen of two hundred pounds.

She arranges to meet Spellman again that night, and also asks SERGEANT BEN LAKE to meet her, endeavoring to assist JEDIDAH, downtrodden housekeeper whom Steen is persecuting, together with his other servants, PETE GORRIK, and HOLPER, Jedidah's half-witted brother.

Meanwhile, in the local township, DETECTIVE SWEETACRE is searching for secret evidence.

Now read on—

SAM SPELLMAN no longer liked his role. He was chafed from riding, and as he made his way painfully from the shadow of the gums where he had tethered his horse and through the avenue towards Pelvernon homestead, shuddering at the thought of the ride back, he told himself with emphasis that country life was not for him.

Even the thought of the hundred pounds in his pocket and the other hundred carefully concealed in his locked bedroom didn't dispel his gloom, which darkened appreciatively at the distant barking of a dog.

He swore softly. It would be the end if he had to run with a dog at his heels. The old farmer with a gun, perhaps. It would take some explaining if he was caught.

He waited a few minutes and the dog stopped barking. Another five and dimly he discerned a figure coming towards the gate of the yard. He had remained perfectly still, he imagined, concealed behind the trunk of a tree, but a woman's voice came in a guarded undertone, "Sam."

He went quickly towards her. "This dark gives me the miseries," he said. "Me for the footlights. If that dog barks again . . ."

"It won't," she said. "I threw it something to eat."

Relieved, he produced a fat envelope and thrust it into her hand. "A hundred pounds," he told her. "But I don't know how you'll count it in the dark."

"It doesn't matter," she told him, and did some quick manoeuvring with the front of her dress.

"Well, that's that," he said. "When do you figure on getting back to the bright lights?"

"I don't know, Sam."

"Don't tell me you like it here, with that old curmudgeon. What did he say after I left?"

"Lectured me for hours. But he was scared stiff the story would leak out. He said he'd have paid a thousand to keep the Steen name clean."

"Well, isn't that good news?" he said sardonically. "After we settled for two hundred!"

"He's put me in his will."

"Wow!" he whistled softly. "Well, why not? You're Vashti Steen."

"I won't be soon, Sam. I'm going to be married."

"Yep, I heard it," he said. "But

I knew it was boloney. Remember, I seen the bloke in church. You'd never marry that."

"It isn't Charlie Bates," she said. "It's someone else. I'm going to marry him secretly to-morrow night. Sam, I want you to be there. Please come out."

He groaned. "Again?"

"Please, Sam. Remember I'm all alone. I'd like one of the old gang there."

"You mean . . . you're going to marry him here, at Pelvernon?"

"No, at Silvanella. Over there."

She pointed. "You can't miss it." She went on hurriedly. "You can come out as Mr. Silverman, the solicitor. No one would question it. I'll make it right with Steve."

"Steve?"

"Steve Garvie, the man I am marrying. But swear you won't say anything to anybody."

"Cross my heart, kid."

"And you will come? Sam, you don't know what I've been through in that grim old house, but it was worth it all . . . to . . ."

"Find the man you could really love," he finished for her. "Well, it's happened at last. Sure you're right, though?"

"Very sure."

"Well, I always said when the Steen sisters fell they'd fall heavy. What time's the rum-tum-tee-tum?" He parodied "Here Comes the Bride."

"At seven."

"O.K. Something tells me I ought to get the first train out but you only get married the first time once. I'll be there if it kills me." He groaned with exaggeration. "I don't think I'll ever dance again."

"Dear Sam."

He patted her hand. "Gives me a chance to be a hero. Good luck, kid. I'll have to go. The Arab steed is champing at the bit."

She said, "If you pass anyone on your way back and he speaks, say, 'Good-night, mate.' That's the way round here."

"For solicitors?"

"No one will recognise you in this light."

"I hope not," he said and kissed her. "Good-night, mate."

She did not return to the house. Spellman had been on time and Sergeant Lake should be riding up presently. She decided to wait where she was rather than behind the stables, and she leaned on the gate, looking towards the sleeping house, wondering how much she would tell the red-headed policeman.

Like Spellman, Lake had left his horse among the gums in the avenue and came upon her so silently that she gave a little cry of dismay.

"You're nervy," he laughed, and reached his hand over the gate and took hers. "It's easy to see you're not used to the country."

"No," she said, wondering if he'd encountered Spellman. "It's quite new to me."

"Don't you like the wide, open spaces?"

Did she? It would all depend. Never, if life had to be lived under the depressing conditions at Pelvernon. But, open spaces or crowded cities, it seemed to her it would be all the same with the right partner.



"I'm worried about you, Miss Steen," Ben Lake told the girl quietly.

He noticed her hesitation. "You'll have to get used to it, you know," he said.

"I will. Why?"

"Why?" he repeated, surprised. "Aren't you going to marry young Bates?"

"Oh."

Ben Lake was frowning. "Some people get the idea that policemen don't worry about things till trouble starts," he said. "I'm not that sort. I'm worried about you, Miss Steen."

"It's kind of you, but, actually, what I wanted to see you about

you straight. Are you being pushed into this marriage, Miss Steen?"

She said, "You heard the banns called."

"I also saw you shake hands with Charlie Bates. If I'd been Charlie Bates I wouldn't have shaken hands."

She did not speak, and he said, "You still haven't given me an answer. Oh, I know there's no reason why you should reply, but obviously there's something wrong, or you wouldn't have asked me to come out."

"It was good of you to come, Mr. Lake," she told him, "but I wasn't thinking of myself or my marriage."

He sighed. "I feel almost disappointed."

"The banns are called three successive Sundays before a wedding," she said, and was tempted to say more. He was clear-headed. He liked her, obviously, and she knew she would be able to rely on him.

It was on the tip of her tongue to say that the scene in church was a farce, that in twenty-four hours she'd be married to the man she really wanted. And then she remembered Steve's grave injunction. Secrecy.

Already she'd broken trust, she recalled with a shiver of foreboding. She'd told Jedidah something and, from the message the old housekeeper had carried from Garvie, she

would guess the rest. She'd told Spellman, and he certainly wouldn't want any policeman around.

Ben Lake was saying: "Three Sundays. Well, a lot can happen in a fortnight, Miss Steen."

A lot could happen in twenty-four hours, she was thinking. She said, "I wanted to talk to you about the man Holper and his sister."

"Sister?"

"They call her Jedidah."

"I didn't know they were related."

A more serious note had crept into his voice. "Mr. Steen's brought in a pretty bad report about Holper. He says he's dangerous. He suspects him of homicidal tendencies."

"Did Mr. Steen tell you that he had faked evidence to make it seem that Holper had tried to kill him?"

"Why, no," he said, startled, and added thoughtfully, "Naturally, if it were true, he wouldn't."

"Well, he did," she said with conviction. "No one heard any shot, but Mr. Steen claims Holper fired a gun at him."

"But why should he make up a thing like that?"

"I don't know exactly. To convince Jedidah that Holper should be put away for one thing. I think he'll find a way of getting rid of her, too. It's hard to know the workings of his mind."

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PART TEN OF A TWELVE-PART SERIAL

doesn't concern me; not personally, I mean."

As if he hadn't heard, he said, "It's your affair entirely, but there are times in a man's life when he simply has to risk offending."

He hesitated and went on: "Miss Steen, you've been here only a very little time and you're marrying a man to whom you've hardly even spoken."

Encouraged by her silence he continued, "You'll forgive me, but I know this district and the people in it. Particularly, I know Mr. Steen. It has struck me . . . that is . . . oh, hang it, I've got to ask



What does a girl look for in a swimsuit?

"She looks for style and fit . . . that flatter her beauty, glorify her body. She appreciates
unmistakable quality . . . that speaks for itself. She loves the feeling of
assurance, the long admiring glances . . . that come with a Cole."



AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

IT MATTERS MORE THAN YOU THINK

By VIOLET MOSS

WHILE Kath was basting the leg of lamb she looked through the kitchen window and saw Noreen with her friend, Eunice, coming along the street. They were a long way off, silhouetted against the late afternoon sun, but there was no mistaking that solid, chunky figure.

Kath smiled ruefully. Call it "pleasingly plump" if you wanted to—but that didn't change the sad fact: Noreen at 14 was too heavy, and something should be done about it—soon!

Noreen came marching into the kitchen in those red shoes that always looked so enormous. She wore her favorite dress, a blue and red plaid that was anything but slenderising.

"Hallo, mother." She had an irritating way of looking at pots and dishes instead of people when she entered the kitchen. "Is that for dinner?"

"Yes." "Going to have baked potatoes and gravy with it?" Noreen asked eagerly.

Again Kath felt a twinge of annoyance. Why must she always be so interested in the fattening foods?

"How was the picture?" she asked. "One of those psychology things. A little creepy—but good. I'll probably wake up screaming to-night." She sniffed hopefully around the kitchen. "Can I help with something?"

"Yes. Wash your hands and squeeze some orange juice for me."

Kath studied Noreen covertly as she brought out the orange squeezer. She was a lovely looking child, apart from that little extra—baby fat, Kath choose to name it. Her skin was pink and white. She had round, soft eyes, and shining dark hair. Her hair was just like Ned's had been, if only she'd inherited his figure!

To be honest, she must admit it wasn't a matter of heredity at all. Nor was it a glandular condition; Dr. Hall had ascertained that. This was only a result of Noreen's loving the starchy foods not wisely but too well. And that might very well be Kath's own fault.

After the child had been so ill years before, Kath, distressed by the thin little wraith who had emerged from the sickroom, had tried to tempt her appetite with fancy desserts and milk drinks. The appetite had gradually strengthened, and in time the lost weight had been found, bringing with it some surplus.

"Look!" Noreen stretched over the sink to peer through the window. "There's Brick! Isn't he perfectly adorable?"

Kath looked at the tall, husky young man with flaming red hair who was snipping at the hedge next door. "How do you know his name when they moved in just this morning?"

"Oh, I—just happened to be out in the yard to-day when they came. His family call him Brick on account of his hair, I suppose. Golly, I'm glad the Wilsons moved out so that Brick could come here—"

"And I can see he's over 20—and much too sophisticated for a little girl like you to be so interested in—"

"Oh, mother! I'm not interested personally." Noreen gave Kath just the flick of a reproachful glance. "I know he's old. But he's the kind it's fun to worship from afar. Oh, I forgot to tell you"—reluctantly Noreen withdrew from the window and started halving the oranges—"I've definitely decided to go on a diet—"

It was like the answer to Kath's prayer! But then Noreen continued: "No more oranges and apples for me. That acid fruit brings my face out in spots. Look at my chin!"

Kath wouldn't look. "Oranges and apples," she said coolly, "are not acid. They're alkaline, and very good for—"

"But they don't agree with me. Every time I even drink orange juice my face gets messy."

Growing a little angry, Kath thought how ridiculous it was for Noreen to blame any complexion trouble on fruit while she indulged in those complicated ice-cream concoctions every day of her life.

Noreen remarked thoughtfully, "And I suppose my skin should look right for the school dance—"

"What dance?" Kath felt a small stir of dread. So far there had been no dances—only small gatherings of the girls. She'd been afraid to think of the time when poor Noreen—

"Oh, they're throwing this big party for the whole school." Noreen was forcefully squeezing an orange. "I'll have to get a long dress—if you want me to go."

She was reluctant, no doubt of it—and Kath felt compelled to seem hearty. "Of course I'll let you go, dear. Are the girls to take boys as escorts?"

"Some of 'em. But not for Eunice and me—and a few others. We thought it would be fun to go by ourselves. Mother, could I have some food now? It's so long till dinner—and I'm weak, honestly."

"But, Noreen, with that dance coming, why don't you try to—"

"The dance is two weeks off—and who cares about that anyway?" She was very disdainful. "Please, mother, could I at least have some biscuits?" "All right, if you must." Kath sighed, spooning fat over the lamb's surface. "But not too many."

When she turned round, Noreen had plunged into the refrigerator. "I took a slice of that leftover sausage. It's delicious! I can't eat dry biscuits so I'd better have a few spoonfuls of marmalade—Oh, cucumber! May I sample some—"

Her mouth and hands full, she started towards the doorway. "I'll take these to my room and glance at my homework. I should wash all this down with—"

"Absolutely not! You'll have milk with your dinner."

Noreen walked out, meeting Ned in the hall. "Hello there, Nory," he greeted her. Noreen's reply was unintelligible. Ned came in, kissed Kath and pressed his cheek against hers; it felt hard and cold from the brisk outdoors. "Was our child eating again, by chance?" he grinned.

Kath nodded. "And such a combination—marmalade, cucumber, sausage—and she wanted milk. And Ned, what are we going to do about Noreen's weight? Now there's a dance coming on and—"

Please turn to page 46



"Stanley and I have been to the pictures," Noreen said proudly.

John R. ...

Charming informal studies of the Windsors

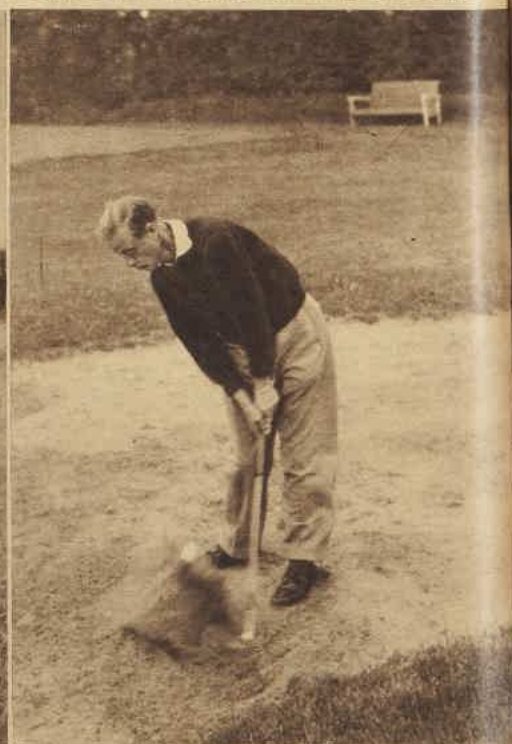
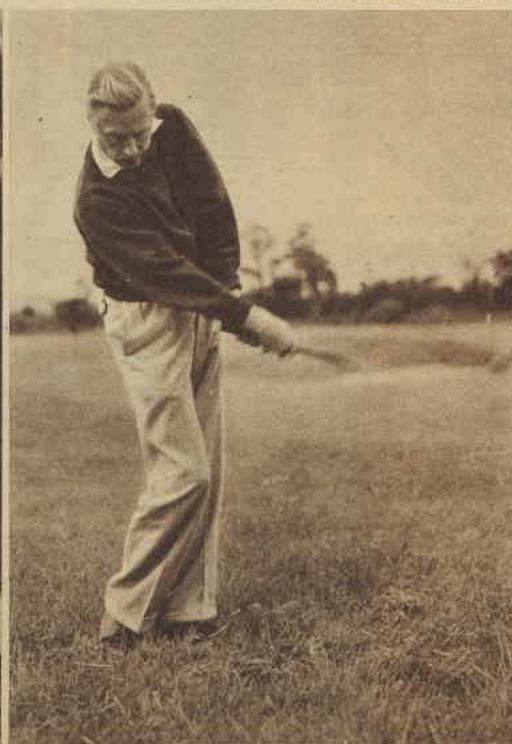
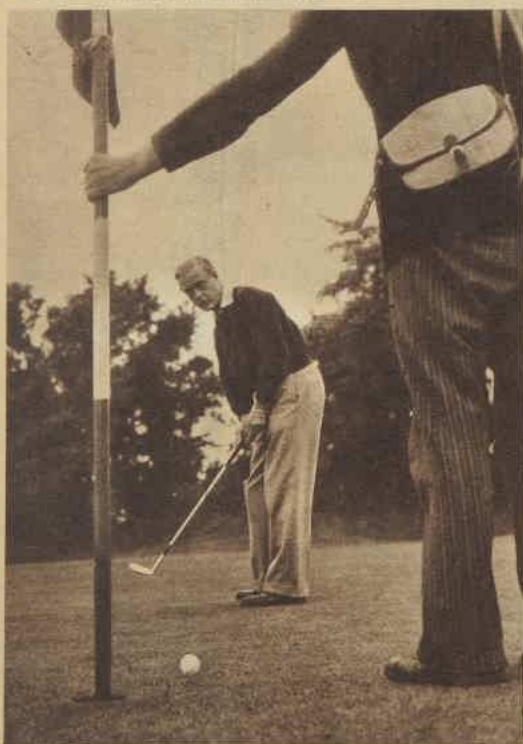
★ These informal pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were taken at their Paris home, and on the golf course at Deauville. The Duke recently celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday, and the Duchess is 53 years old. Individual pictures of them are rare, as, when requested to pose alone, the Duke says: "We're a team."



BUTLER receives his instructions from the Duchess.



CAIRN TERRIERS have always been kept by Windsors, who are shown with Pookie and Rufus.

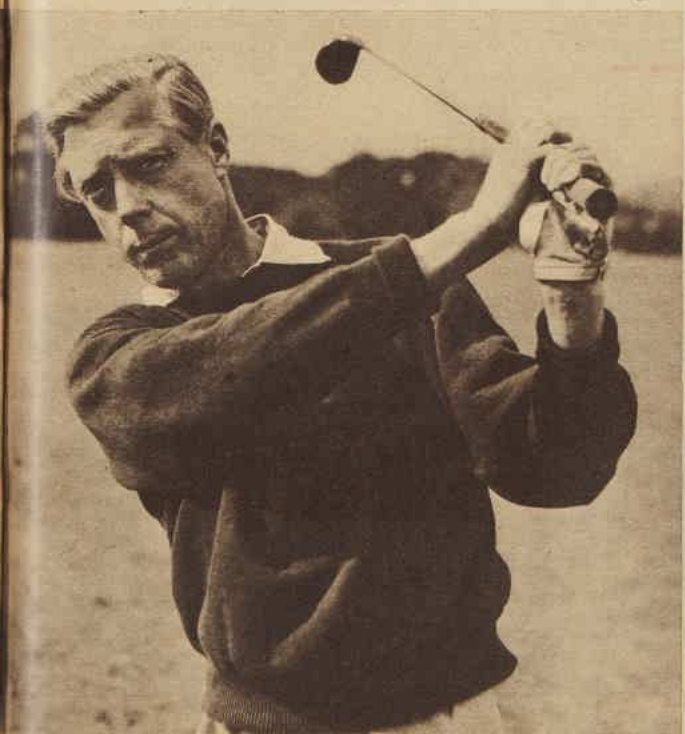


GOLF still rates as easily the Duke's favorite sport.

ROUND at Deauville course gives pleasant day out. **HANDICAP** is 14, but sometimes plays to 12.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, photographed by English Court photographer Baron, on their twelfth wedding anniversary. Above right, they are shown in the roof garden of their three-storied Paris house in the Rue de la Faisanderie, near the Bois de Boulogne.



CONCENTRATION is shown by the Duke as he finishes making a drive.

Win £250!

Make your choice for the girl whose Pepsodent-white teeth add the most charm to her smile

Choose "MISS PEPSODENT, 1949" from these nine lovely girls



LORNA KING



MARGARET MINOGUE



MARY ARKELL



BARBARA LARTER



TERRY MASON



ANNE FORBES



DIANA GREGORY



JUNE PRIOR



HEATHER HITCHINS

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:



Write down your choice for "Miss Pepsodent" and then the eight other girls in order of preference



There is no entry fee - simply accompany the entry form with both end flaps from a Pepsodent carton



All entries must be on the official entry form - get yours today from your Pepsodent supplier

IMPORTANT NOTE:

We regret that owing to legislation in force in Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia, readers in those states are not eligible to compete and must not submit entries

The lovely smiles, the radiant white teeth of these 9 girls have already been assessed and placed in a selected order by an independent panel of judges. The panel includes a well known dentist, a leading photographer and a Director of the Pepsodent Company, Australia.

Who is your choice for "Miss Pepsodent", 1949? And what is your order of preference for the other eight girls? Which of them has the most charming smile? who next? and so on. Of course, if more than one correct entry is received, the prize will be divided equally.

These charming girls are all agreed that New Pepsodent, the only toothpaste containing Irium, gives them the whitest teeth.

Yes! They're convinced about Pepsodent!

They use it! They know!

Get your Entry Form Today!



PIANIST-CONDUCTOR. Success of this delicate paper sculpture creation depends as much on correct shadowing as fine handwork. Designs like this are photographed and sold as illustrations or book covers.

SCISSORS AND PAPER

COMMERCIAL artists, who have taken up the fascinating craft of paper sculpture, find the medium in demand for window and showcase displays. When photographed, they make entertaining and vivid illustrations. On this page are several pieces by twin sisters Joan and Jean McAdam, of Chatswood, N.S.W.



PAPIER MACHE plum pudding interests Peter Shead. Sisters made it as lucky dip for N.S.W. Spastic Centre.



CLEVER model of comic professor is made of, and dressed in, paper.

THIS design represents week's work for one of the McAdams, who are ex-servicemen now in business for themselves.



MUGUET

des Bois
(LILY OF THE VALLEY)

Hand in hand with Spring and youth
... new as the year's first blossoming
... this happy fragrance comes fresh
with the coolth of young beauty,
redolent of woodland shade ... yet shy as
awakening romance whispering through
a Paris glade when the first lilies
lift their heads to greet the Spring.

Coty

The most exquisite
interpretation of
LILY OF THE VALLEY
In all these creations

PERFUME:
Virtually the breath of
Spring, singing of
youth and gaiety.
7/6 (Hand-bag size),
13/6, 19/9, 35/-, 84/-

AIRSPUN FACE POWDER:
In eight shades, 5/-

SKIN FRAGRANCE:
Lighter edition of Coty
perfume priced to permit
of lavish indulgence—
Hand-bag size, 5/6;
Dressing-table size, 12/6;
Double size, 21/-

TALC:
Exquisite and
caressing. 5/-

BATH POWDER, 10/6

A cool customer



is a **Kool**
customer!

Game!—and all fresh for another set. The man who has changed to Eagley Kool air-conditioned underwear is fit, active, keen! Eagley Kool allows freedom of movement, encourages action. It's the extra wide cellular mesh that does it. It lets the air circulate about him and air-conditions his body to make him look and feel the part—clean-cut, alert, cool! The short-sleeved singlet is comfortable and form-fitting . . . the small sleeves protect both shirt and coat from perspiration. The trunks are multi-featured—elastic hips, lap-over finish, adjustable two-button waist which never pinches—allows him to breathe easily; balloon seat, no centre seam, no binding—plenty of freedom. So get out of the heat—it's cooler for the man who's inside Eagley Kool!

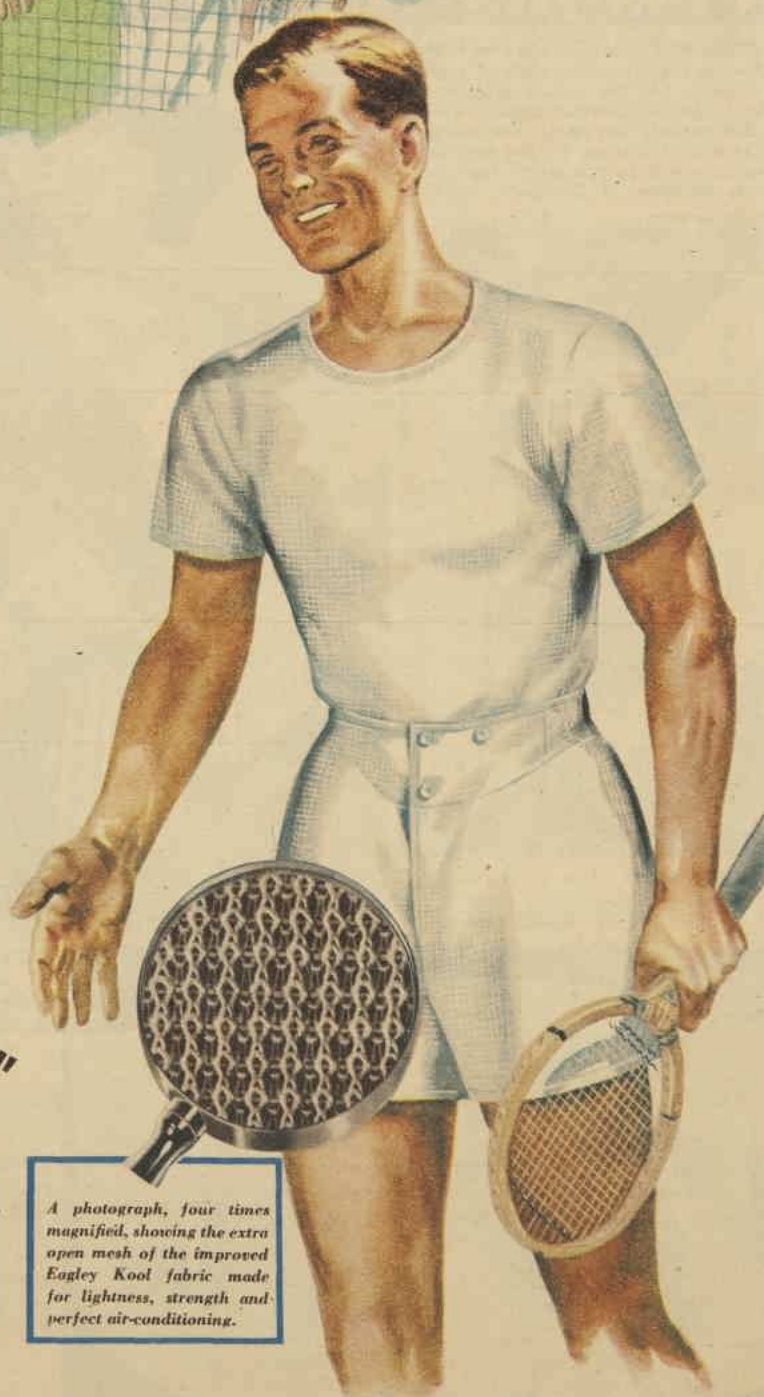
" **IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO**
Eagley Kool "

AIR-CONDITIONED UNDERWEAR FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

AT ALL LEADING STORES

EAGLEY MILLS, COLLINGWOOD, VICTORIA

Makers of Eagley Nevashrink All-Wool Underwear and Hosiery,
Eagley Softspun Cotton Interlock Underwear

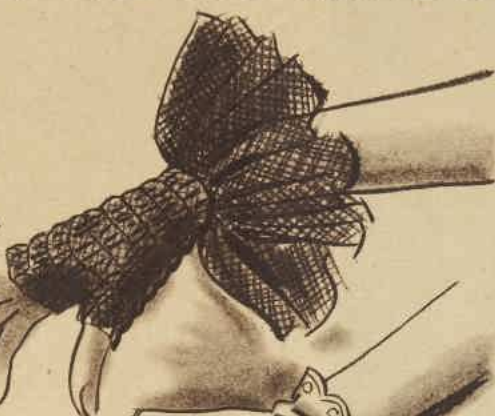


A photograph, four times magnified, showing the extra open mesh of the improved Eagley Kool fabric made for lightness, strength and perfect air-conditioning.

Rue Suggests GLOVES AND MITTENS



● Make a dark-colored bare-top evening dress into a dinner-gown by adding a pair of glove-sleeves of the same material caught at the armhole, cuffed at the wrist and easy to remove.



● Anyone handy with a needle can make the black net or tulle mittens, above top, to wear at night. The hand is shirred, the cuff frilled. For day wear make the white pique mittens, above centre, with hand embroidered scalloping and eyeleting. For cocktails add a ruff of velvet or taffeta to the very short suede glove, above.



● With three-quarter sleeves wear three-quarter gloves. The pair above are made unusual by buttoning along the outside.



● With very short sleeves wear very short gloves, and it is smart to have them of the dress material.



● Make an exciting glove, as shown at extreme left, by taking a plain wrist-length pair, in dark color, and adding tiny pompons or a row of matching bobble fringe. The pastel glove, at left, has a miniature spray of flowers added for a bridesmaid or a debutante as a glamor touch.

SO SMART — SO EASY TO STEP INTO!

Adelyn

STEP-OUTS



Step in... and your hair-do remains unruffled, make-up untouched . . . feel the wonderful coolness of the Atlantex material that does up so perfectly then

... Button up

and in a twinkling you're a study in smart styling. A frock with the Adelyn cut, fit, and finish—flattering rolled shirt collar, action back, new side seam pockets, unpressed pleats—and at a price that shows why Adelyn is a famous name for value.



SEE THEM AT LEADING FASHION STORES.



No present like time. No timekeepers like the beautiful Westclox!

Lovely in design . . . trustworthy in performance . . . these Westclox alarms are now being made in Australia by Westclox (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. They are worthy members of the famous Westclox family which has been keeping the world on time for 50 years.

1. Westclox Robin Alarm, comes in a modern plastic case in ivory or green, with ivory face.
2. Westclox Bell Bird Alarm, has a smartly designed ivory plastic case with brown face.
3. Westclox Lark Alarm, with handsome metal case of lustrous black and contrasting cream face.

All models are available luminous or non-luminous.



WESTCLOX

ALARMS

PRODUCTS OF THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN ALARMS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY WESTCLOX (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

Prince Charles will be a year old next week



AT ONE MONTH, Prince Charles at his christening.

Future King being reared with love and discipline

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Because he is on duty with the Royal Navy at Malta, as first lieutenant of H.M.S. Chequers, the Duke of Edinburgh is missing the first birthday of his baby son, Prince Charles, next Monday, November 14.

The young Prince's birthday celebrations will take the form of a nursery tea, with one candle on his cake, and his young cousins as his guests.

PROUD and happy, Princess Elizabeth will preside at her baby's first birthday party, wishing that his father could be there too.

A baby famous without choice, this future King of England is growing into a strong and intelligent youngster, sheltered from the limelight which his wise young parents feel should not be concentrated too intensely or too persistently upon him while he is still in the nursery.

That he is at one year old a hardy youngster, showing promise of great self-reliance and completely unspoiled, is to the credit of his young mother, Princess Elizabeth, and his Scottish nurse, Miss Lightbody.

They are bringing up the baby Prince in the most natural and home-like surroundings.

He has a simple childhood in the Royal nurseries, surrounded by love and affection and gentle discipline. The pattern of his childhood is very similar to Princess Elizabeth's.

Until Prince Charles is seven years old and a governess and special tutors arrive to take over his education, no one interferes with the routine of the Royal nursery. There are no ladies-in-waiting or Court functionaries in attendance, no dictations or baby psychologists with their latest theories.

Prince Charles' nursery on the third floor at Clarence House is furnished with pale yellow washable rugs and modern chintz curtains, fitted wall cupboards for his toys, a play-pen, and the minimum amount of furniture. A specially low railing has been fitted for pictures of animals and birds.

In the window a canary sings in its cage. Princess Elizabeth bought it for her son. Her earliest and happiest memories are of chirpy canaries in her nursery.

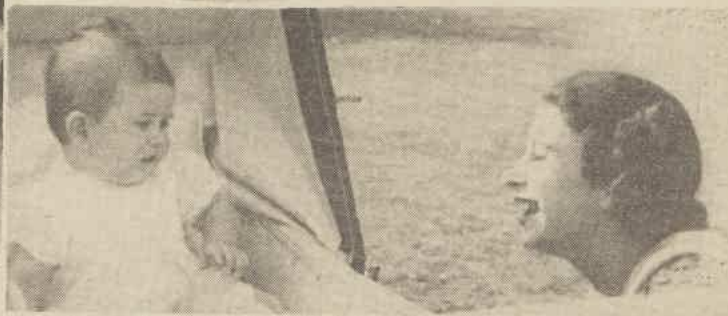
The night nursery has a restful

OUR COVER

ON our cover this week is an impression by our artist Rene of a vase of flowers arranged by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, of Sydney. The cornucopia-shaped vase Mrs. Lloyd Jones has used was given to her by Mrs. Francis Warzburg, of New York, whose husband was the founder of "Vogue," for the Conde Nast Publications. Mrs. Warzburg is a noted New York hostess and one of her hobbies is flower arrangement.



AT FIVE MONTHS, The Duke of Edinburgh tosses his baby son high in the air.



AT EIGHT MONTHS, Delightful study of the baby Prince with Princess Elizabeth on the lawn at Windesham Moor, their country home in Surrey.

color scheme of off-white and soft greenish-blue. Adjoining is a tiled bathroom with stainless-steel equipment.

Two bed-sitting-rooms open from the corridor. One is for Miss Lightbody and the other for Miss Anderson, the under-nurse.

At one year old Prince Charles is just learning to walk. He took his first tumble at ten months when he pulled himself up on to a chair, stood a moment, then let go and fell backwards.

It was in Scotland, and Princess Elizabeth told a friend: "We couldn't help laughing. He looked so pained and surprised."

But Prince Charles was not going to be beaten. He crawled back to the chair and climbed up again.

Prince Charles is allowed to feed himself. He has a high chair, a plate, and spoon. And he hammers for more with his spoon on the tray.

"Most of his egg goes on his head or the wall," his nurse confided to another nanny.

Like any healthy child, Prince Charles can yell, and once he wakes up he rocks his pram vigorously until

he's taken out and allowed to crawl around in his play-pen. Much of his time is spent out of doors. He is strong, with legs and arms browned by the sunshine.

Though he is a very happy baby he does not smile much. He looks rather serious, as though perpetually puzzled by the wonders around him. He is very observant, and, left alone, frowns quite a lot. But his smile is really dazzling and shows promise of becoming as famous as his mother's and that of his grandmother, Queen Elizabeth.

Blue eyed, with thick, dark-golden hair, the Prince is a perfect picture of healthy babyhood.

Pet name

THE Duke of Edinburgh calls his son "Plum Pudding," and it is by this pet name he refers to his baby when talking about him to friends.

The Duke prevailed on Princess Elizabeth to make an unusual innovation and employ a steward instead of a maid to attend the nurseries.

"He has his own batman already," the naval father said proudly when Michael, a 15-year-old Kentish boy,

was installed. He is training to become a footman in the Royal Household.

Michael is extremely fond of children and carries out his duties competently and happily. He is always at hand to help with the navy-blue pram, wheeling it from the lift into the walled garden behind Clarence House.

At teatime the baby Prince makes a brief appearance in his mother's drawing-room. Friends of the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Elizabeth drop in quite informally, and Prince Charles is nursed and admired to his heart's content. He is a friendly soul, goes readily to anyone, and hates being taken away from the company.

At Birkhall, in the Highlands, Prince Charles has a host of young friends, drawn from the employers and families on the Balmoral Estate.

Miss Lightbody, when pushing the baby's carriage, will call out, "Have you seen the baby?" and will coax wee Highland children to her,

saying, "Do come and speak to Prince Charles."

Though he has had toys showered on him, he plays with just a few favorites. Best loved is a rubber duck chewed and bitten till it is almost unrecognisable. He sleeps with a blue-and-white rabbit cuddled in his arms.

At a very early age Prince Charles became a dollar-earner when American mothers dressed their babies in replicas of his first layette.

Hand-knit sets were made in England by members of the Women's Home Industries and were sold in 28 American States. Reproductions of a large shell-patterned shawl made by Queen Mary for Prince Charles are still having a large sale in America. Other popular items in his layette were the cardigan, the matinee jacket, the bonnet, and kid boots.

When he begins to write he will sign himself Charles P. At present he rates two lines in Debrett. And his identity number is MAGH 492.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 12, 1949

UNIVERSITIES NEED MONEY

UNIVERSITIES, even the wealthiest of them, always need more money. The men and women who head them are people of ideas, dreamers in the best sense of the word, who always have in mind projects worth striving over, where there money available.

They know that the education of the young is the first duty of the knowledgeable old and that by study, research, and experiment comes all true progress.

These need the best possible facilities, equipment, and personnel.

Australian universities have nothing like the rich endowments that have been made to some centres overseas, so it is good that a move is being made for Commonwealth grants.

Several universities have asked for such assistance because of the smallness of State grants, so Federal Cabinet has nominated a committee to examine their needs and finances.

It is often hard to choose between rival claims on the national purse. So many urgent jobs can be listed—the fight against soil erosion and rabbits, the need of housing, hospitals, water conservation, and unified railway gauges.

On behalf of the universities, it can be argued that many of the scientists and other experts who will work on national improvements will be trained by them, and many of the problems involved will be solved by research done under university auspices.

The quality of such experts and such work depends on the standards of Australian universities which in turn depend on the money available to them.

MADAME CURIE: Discoverer of radium

THROUGHOUT the life of Marie Sklodowska Curie, the woman who discovered radium, devotion to science burned like a steady flame, a flame which gradually consumed her health and strength, but which gave her the will to rise above all human weaknesses.

Even her singularly beautiful marriage with the brilliant French scientist Pierre Curie was dominated by the worship of science, so that their partnership became a true blending of minds towards a common purpose.

Until he met Marie Sklodowska, Pierre Curie had refused to have his life interrupted and strangled by the "possessive" love of a woman.

But in Marie he recognised a genius for science which was equal, if not superior, to his own.

He chose well. His fair-haired bride, with the large ash-grey eyes beneath her high forehead, was remarkable for more than genius. The beauty of her character was such that the fame and honors which came to her scarcely touched her, leaving untarnished the gentle and unselfish core of her nature.

She rejected every opportunity for financial gain.

She refused to patent her method of extracting radium from crude ore, a step which would have made her family millionaires. She never learned to be comfortable in the glare of publicity.

To the end of her life she remained basically the student. Einstein said of her: "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted."

Marie, christened Manya, was born in November, 1867, to M. and Marie. Vladislav Sklodowski, who lived with their four other children at the Boys' High School in Warsaw, where M. Sklodowska was a professor.

They were members of the Polish lesser nobility which the misfortunes of the country had ruined.

The four lovely girls and their one brother were brought up in a happy, affectionate atmosphere. The only shadows in their lives were the uncertain health of their beloved mother and the tyranny of Poland's Russian oppressors.

Little Manya sailed through her lessons, read avidly in her leisure. Tragedy came early in her life. Her eldest sister died from typhus, and, when she was ten, her mother died.

Her father was bowed down with grief. Added to this was the worry of poverty. He had invested money unwisely, and then was dismissed from his Czarist-controlled position, having defied the Russian principal of the High School.

Gradually the growing children adjusted themselves to the more frugal way of life, while they piled up scholastic honors. The girls chafed under the edict which forbade women to attend the Warsaw University. They would have to go to France to study, and where could they get the money?

Manya, at 17, was a grave young woman who had entered the ranks of Warsaw's intellectuals who earned a living by teaching.



THE CURIES. Together on their rare holidays they roamed all over France on bicycles.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Meanwhile, her mind was taken up with dreams of Polish nationhood. She joined a movement among the educated young which aimed at educating the poor whom the authorities deliberately kept in darkness.

However, the girls still hankered after a full university education. At length Manya unselfishly suggested that if she took a position as governess she could help finance Bronya's longed-for course of medicine at the Sorbonne, Paris.

Not content merely to teach for several hours each day, Manya studied borrowed volumes of sociology and physics, and continued her study of mathematics by correspondence with her father.

Great scientist, devoted wife and mother, she cared nothing for fame or its rewards.

After three years of this, M. Sklodowski obtained a better-paid position which enabled him to take over the job of sending Bronya money.

Bronya was now practically through her medicine and was engaged to a brilliant young Polish doctor. The couple, soon to be married, asked Manya to stay with them in Paris.

So, in 1891, a young lady registered her name in the French style as Marie Sklodowska to begin a course in the Faculty of Sciences at the Sorbonne.

Marie, aged 24, discovered there were great gaps in her knowledge of mathematics and physics.

For a while she was happy with Bronya and Bronya's husband, but soon judged even their company too disturbing for concentrated study.

She removed herself to a miserable room in the Latin Quarter, rigorously cut her spending money to fit her budget of 40 roubles a month, and sank into solitude.

She lived a Spartan existence, not even sparing the time to learn to cook. Her attic room was without heat or water, and for weeks, engrossed in her studies, she ate nothing but bread and butter.

Her courage and determination were rewarded in 1893 when she passed first in the masters' examination in physics, and the following year second in the masters' examination in mathematics.

Marie met Pierre Curie the year she passed her second masters' examination. He was laboratory chief at the School of Physics and Chemistry, Paris. At 35 he was already an outstanding scientist.

The beautiful, timid, and gifted Polish girl who came to ask his advice about where to install her apparatus for the study of magnetism in steel fascinated the poet as well as the scientist in Pierre Curie. Soon he was paying ardent court. "For Pierre, science was the only aim," writes Eve Curie, his daughter. "Thus his was a strange and almost incredible adventure, for it mixed the essential aspiration of his mind into the movement of his heart."

Their wedding was simple and without religious ceremony. Marie's wedding gown was practical and dark, a gown she could later wear to the laboratory, and they spent their honeymoon exploring the countryside. They both loved on their two new, glittering bicycles.

Marie applied herself to marriage as she did to her studies. Her lack of cooking knowledge was remedied by painful experiment, until she was able to regulate the flame left burning under the stove with a physicist's precision, knowing that the food would be cooked when she returned.

Their lodging was singularly lacking in comfort. It did not even boast a sofa or chair, but what need had they of furnishings when they had their life of science?

Marie cared as little for clothes as she did for furniture. Both of them were too busy to think of appearance. Once, years later, preparing to attend one of the many receptions to which they were asked, Marie put on her one evening dress, a black grenadine. Pierre looked at her, and a shadow of regret passed over his face.

"It's a pity," he murmured. "Evening dress becomes you," and added with a sigh, "but there it is, we haven't got time."

Marie worked with Pierre in his laboratory while she studied for her fellowship in secondary education, a necessary step before she could teach in France. She passed first in this examination.

In the second year of their marriage, Marie, with Pierre assisting at the birth, brought a daughter into the world. She was named Irene, and Marie, ever a loving mother, adjusted her routine to include the baby and her work.

A nurse would wheel the baby in the park while the young mother worked at finishing and editing her findings on magnetisation for the Bulletin of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry. So Marie produced her first child and the results of her first research.

The next logical step was the thesis which would bring her a doctor's degree, but first the subject for it had to be chosen.

For some time Marie had been interested in the findings of Henri Becquerel concerning rays which were emitted spontaneously by uranium salts.

She took the leap into an unknown realm by choosing the study of the nature of this radiation for her thesis.

The miserable, damp little workroom where she conducted her experiments was as bad for Marie's precarious health as it was for accuracy in research, but she overcame obstacles with her usual tenacity.

She gave the name of "radioactivity" to the mysterious radiation which she found in certain elements. These elements were described as "radioactive."

Please turn to page 35

Mass-Produced Houses

TWENTY Australian factories are mass-producing houses that are faster and cheaper to build than brick houses and are just as durable.

Between them they make 3540 houses a year. Given enough raw materials, they can step up their annual production to 11,400.

Messrs. T. W. Fowler in Victoria and Chris Vandyke in New South Wales pioneered the modern prefabrication of homes in the 'twenties and 'thirties, but most builders did not experiment with them until they could foresee the big need for them after the war.

Like mass-producers overseas, they use concrete, aluminium, fibro-cement, and weatherboard.

Prices range from £1350 for a weatherboard cottage of 104 squares in Tasmania to £2500 for a cavity-concrete Sydney house with the same living space as a brick house of 15 squares.

An illustrated article in A.M. for November gives you a good insight into the methods of the prefabricated-home builders in Australia and overseas.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1s.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Student group brings art to people in the park



AN exhibition of paintings in Hyde Park, Sydney, attracted lunch-hour crowds of art enthusiasts, shoppers, sandwich eaters, lookers-on.

Presented by ex-service men and women of the Strath Art Group, who are training at the Strathfield, Sydney, branch of the Technical College, the exhibition succeeded in its aim to "bring art to the people."



BOY WITH SCULPTURE is 15-months-old Johnnie Alt, who stands beside Ronald Stewart's "Man with Fish." Johnnie and statue are same height.



ART STUDENT Sylvia Arbest went along with Josephine Gould to see the show. Canvases sold for from one to 20 guineas.



APPLE EATER, who is commercial artist Graham Wade, concentrates on reaching core of meaning in La Bee's "Abstract."



QUIZZICAL APPRAISEMENT. Four-year-old Beverley Vines, of Double Bay, stands back and does her best to decide about art.



"WHO DID THAT?" asks two-year-old Graham Betts, son of Mrs. Alice Betts. His brother, Neville (12), wants to be an artist.



"THAT'S NICE," says Mrs. Katherine Mead, who bends over to examine Ivan England's "Hobart Fish Markets." As rain and hail spoil the opening day, Mrs. Mead cautiously arrived with umbrella for protection.

Household Hunts (No.1)



How to slay your FLY

One of the most common yet dangerous of all indoor game. Can be stalked in any room. When thwarted of its prey sulks on lightcords, walls and ceilings. Despite zoological name (*musca domestica*), should not be made a domestic pet.

To rid your home of flies, spray walls, ceilings, lightcords, and around windows and doors with Super Shelltox. Super Shelltox kills two ways. Its "knock-down" properties kill flies on the wing. Its D.D.T. content remains deadly for months. Super Shelltox will also keep your house free from moths, mosquitoes, cockroaches, silverfish, and other household pests.



Super SHELLTOX

with
D.D.T.
and PYRETHRUM

THE SHELL CO. OF AUST. LTD.
(INC. IN U.K. 1914)

For instant killing of all insect pests, use
'Standard' SHELLTOX
The foremost "space spray" for an immediate "knock down and kill" but it is not used for spraying on surfaces.

Danger Zone

Continued from page 5

JIM'S pockets were always full of wonderful things — an empty Luger clip, a booklet called "Identify Your Aircraft," with pictures of all American planes, chewing gum, tinned meat.

The command car was parked in the courtyard behind the house.

"I'd be afraid to leave her in the street," Jim would say. "Those Russkies are tough babies." He winked at Jaroslav.

Jaroslav laughed. He told Jim that some of the Russkies were a lot of fun. Like the two officers who had come to their place to have a bath, and afterwards let the water run over the tub, flooding the bathroom. Then the two Russkies, Vlasta, and Jaroslav had launched small ships made of newspaper, which were the German navy, and they sank the German navy all over again, pocket battleships and all.

The water ran through the bathroom floor and through the ceiling of Pan Vesely's home, which was below. Pan Vesely had waited until the two Russkies had left, and then he made a terrific fuss about it.

Jim laughed. "Yeah, they're tough babies all right." Jim came from a small town twenty miles out of Detroit, where, he said, they had a lot of tough babies of their own brand.

"You mean you have them in America, too?" Jaroslav said, amazed. He'd known there were gangsters and G-men in America, but the Russkies were news to him.

"Oh, brother!" Jim said. "Wait until you go there."

It was understood that Jaroslav would come to America and visit Jim. "That's a standing invitation," Jim said. All of Jaroslav's classmates wanted to go to America, mostly to see the cars and planes and gangsters and tall buildings, but none of them was invited.

"I'll be able to go to America when I grow up," Jaroslav said. "I wish it wouldn't take so long to grow up, Jim." He sighed. "How does it feel to grow up, Jim?"

Jim looked away. He wasn't smiling now. "You'll know when the moment comes. Don't worry, kid. You'll be all right." He swung round and turned on the ignition. "Come on, Jaro. Let's go for a ride."

Those wonderful days! Jaroslav would be sitting up there next to Jim. Wherever they went, people would greet them. Jim would talk about America and his home town.

"When you come over," Jim said proudly, "you won't be a stranger in town. You will know everything. I'll come and wait for you at La Guardia Field."

It was about three weeks later that they had taken that ride along the Moldau River and run into the rainstorm. In a matter of seconds they were soaking wet. Jaroslav thought it was funny, until he began to sneeze.

Jim took off his jacket, the flannel-lined jacket with the whitish fur collar and the words Army Air Force, and the Air Force insignia on the left sleeve, and told Jaroslav to put it on. Back in town, the boy wanted to return the jacket, but Jim shook his head. "Keep it, kid. You like it, don't you?"

Did he like it? A real Air Force jacket!

"At least," Jim said, "you'll have something to remember me by."

He had looked the other way, and Jaroslav knew, right then he knew. "You—you're going away?" He swallowed hard, fighting to keep his tears down. He mustn't cry in front of his friend Jim.

"Orders might come any day now," Jim said. He slapped Jaroslav's shoulder and shouted, "All aboard, Pihen, Eger, New York, Detroit! Run along now, Jaro. You look cold. See you to-morrow."

But to-morrow had never come. When Jaroslav came home he was running a temperature, and in the

evening they had to call the doctor. The next day everything was blurred and sort of nightmarish.

When he was able to get out of bed two weeks later, his knees still weak, Jim and his captain had gone; there was nothing left to remind him of Jim but the Air Force jacket.

The jacket was still there in his bottom drawer, but Jaroslav didn't wear it any more. Father had strictly forbidden it. Jaroslav didn't quite understand this; perhaps it had something to do with the different faces and slogans on the placards.

He opened the drawer. All his treasures were there—his red and white football jersey; the postage-stamp album; the booklet, "Identify Your Aircraft"; two postcards from Jim; and the photograph of a tall, trim man in the uniform of air vice-marshal of the Royal Air Force, his chest full of ribbons, with a shoulder patch: Czechoslovakia.

The man wasn't an air vice-marshal any longer; here the rank didn't exist. He was now a general. He was Jaroslav's hero; he had shot down twenty-three German planes.

He wasn't a friend like Jim. A friend was somebody you knew. A hero you didn't know. Jaroslav had seen the general only once, during a May parade, on the official tribune. He'd been sitting somewhere, hidden in the last row.

"That's him," father had said to mother. "Too bad he's been on the wrong side of the fence. If he'd fought with the Russians instead of with the Royal Air Force he would be sitting in the front row now."

Right side, wrong side, front row, back row, Jaroslav thought to himself, puzzled. What did it matter when a man had shot down twenty-three German planes?

ABRUPTLY

Jaroslav put the picture back and listened to the clatter of forks and plates that came through the closed door of the dining-room. The door-bell rang and mother went to open.

"Good afternoon, Pan Vesely," he heard her say. "Come in, please."

Then the voice of the landlord was in the dining-room. "Just dropped in for a moment."

"Have a piece of apple cake," mother said.

"Well, a small one," Pan Vesely said. "Certainly looks good."

"It tastes even better," father said. He spoke with his meek, outside voice.

"I don't know how mother makes it, with the little butter we're getting on our ration cards."

Pan Vesely was saying, eating noisily: "Heard the latest news? About the general?" He involuntarily lowered his voice to a whisper as he uttered the general's name. Jaroslav pressed his ear against the door. His heart was beating fast.

"He vanished," Pan Vesely said. "Vanished?" father gasped.

"They say he's trying to get across the German border into the American zone. I hope they'll catch him and shoot him, the traitor!"

Father cleared his throat cautiously. Father used to say that you had to be cautious with Pan Vesely, who always had so many friends. German friends during the occupation, English and American friends after the liberation, and now Party friends. They even let him keep his two houses.

At one time, back in 1945, the general had also been Pan Vesely's friend. Once the general had come to dinner at Vesely's apartment. Father and mother hadn't been invited.

That night the general had given Pan Vesely his photograph, with his own signature. It had been hanging in Vesely's living-room until a few months ago.

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JUNIOR ATHLETE



JAN TWOHILL, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., at 6 years of age, looks like a possible future Olympic hope. She leads her physical culture class, loves surfing and is an expert swimmer. A child health expert started Jan on the road to health and fitness when she recommended Vegemite for her. She has enjoyed this healthful yeast extract ever since. Vegemite is recommended by dietitians everywhere. It's richer in Niacin, richer in riboflavin, it's tastier and it costs less.

KV94



Are you beautiful beneath your make up?

No matter how clever you are with your make-up, a discerning eye can usually see blotchy skin and pimples when they try to hide behind cosmetics. There's an easy, inexpensive way to clear your skin so that it becomes fresh and radiant, and this is by taking two or three Yeaston Tablets each day. Pimples, boils and other skin blotching disfigurements often can be traced to an unbalanced modern diet and to the lack of Vitamins B1 and B2. Yeaston is a concentrated tablet form of active yeast, and it is recognised as one of the richest known sources of Vitamins B1 and B2.

Pure active yeast in convenient tablet form.



Switzerland

HOTEL GRAND CHALET
Rossiniere, VAUD.
ALTITUDE 3000 FEET

Montreux - Oberland - Bernoise Rly. Station, 1 min. Summer-walks. Excursions train or motor. Tennis. Winter — ski-lift to 5500 feet close by; others within easy reach. Montreux, 12 hours. Good food and other centres, 30/40 mins. Bar. Central heating.

A hotel in an historic Swiss building.

All Swiss staff under supervision of the Australian proprietors.
H. B. and Mrs. WARE



EXPEDITION to Collymungle station, on the Barwon River, near Collarenebri, N.S.W., leaving aboriginal bora, or initiation ground, with 52 carved trees, removed to save them from destruction by fire or weather. Expedition was arranged by Mr. Lindsay Black, of Leeton, N.S.W., and ethnologists of the South Australian Museum and the National Museum, Melbourne.

Scientists save sacred trees . . .

Lorry convoy brought relics of aboriginal bora 700 miles

By FRED A. YOUNG, of our Adelaide office

Trunks of 52 coolibah trees valued because of their aboriginal carvings were sent recently from Northern N.S.W. to Australian museums, where ethnologists have been delighted to receive them in spite of the fact that some of the wood has decayed.

Twenty-five went to the National Museum at Melbourne, and twenty-five to the South Australian Museum. Two were sent to Queensland University.

ONCE the background of the moving drama of rigorous aboriginal initiation ceremonies, when warriors led groups of frightened lads from 13 to 16 years old along symbolical paths to manhood, the trees will be cherished museum exhibits.

When placed in position, they will be painted with red ochre, white pipeclay, and charcoal, as they were for sacred tribal ceremonies.

Existence of the trees has been known for many years. They were on Mr. A. B. Tompkins' station property at Collymungle, on the Barwon River, near Collarenebri, and for many years have been part of the only known complete bora, or aboriginal initiation site, in Australia.

As a tangible relic of a culture that is fast dying, they were cut down to preserve them from possible destruction by bushfires and certain deterioration by weather.

It was believed that the trees could not last another ten years. Thirty-eight could not be moved, and two still living were left standing.

Trucks transported the comparatively fragile trunks from Collymungle to Leeton, N.S.W., where they were loaded on to trains for Melbourne and Adelaide.

A few trunks broke, but can be repaired satisfactorily.

Mr. Lindsay Black, stock agent, of Leeton, who has for years been actively interested in adding to our knowledge of aboriginal stone-age culture, and who has written several pamphlets on various aspects of tribal lore, was prime mover in the preservation efforts.

It was through him that the ethnologist of the South Australian Museum, Mr. Norman B. Tindale, and Mr. Donald Tugby, of the National Museum, Melbourne, arranged the two-week tree-felling expedition to the site.

They plotted the area ("I had quite a strange feeling myself when I first entered the mysterious bora," Mr. Tindale said), supervised the sawing operations, and both found

time besides to interrogate old men who could help them in their research on the initiation rites.

It is not easy to get a story from old aborigines. They are proud men, proud of the old way of life, and won't discuss it unless they know they have sympathetic, sincere questioners.

"I have known one old fellow, who calls himself George, for a number of years," Mr. Tindale told me, "and it was not until recently that he disclosed that he knew anything of the initiation ceremony."

He was initiated himself, but the ceremony passed into disuse before he was able to help initiate others, and he could not remember the significance of what he recalled seeing, hearing, and feeling.

"We know of several others who might fill the gaps in our story if



MR. NORMAN B. TINDALE, the ethnologist at the South Australian Museum, examines one of the pieces of six tree trunks which formed sacred circle.

we only had funds to travel to them," Mr. Tindale said ruefully.

"Earliest known initiation ceremony at this bora was in 1863. In 1885 there was another one for which the tree carvings were touched up," he said.

"The last known ceremony took place about 1890."

From Mr. Tindale's description of the mystic rites, as he has heard them from aborigines, I have a vision

of a procession of frightened lads.

Their tongues tied literally, so that they could make no sound, they were led at dusk from one grotesquely carved and painted tree to another, their elders imparting dread secrets along the half-mile lane to the sacred circle.

The youths would spend the night in the circle, in absolute silence, under kangaroo skins, awaiting and fearing the initiation rites to follow on the morrow.

Enough to make even the stoutest set of teeth chatter, when one visualises tribesmen in their war paint, and the wild traditional cries which were part of the ceremony.

And the ordeal had to be endured creditably, for no male was considered of any account until he had been through the initiation.

Before the event the lads were taken from their parents by older men and led through the bush as prospective initiates.

During a space of four to twelve months after their initiation they disappeared entirely from tribal society.

They were not allowed to speak while the older men told them everything they should know.

When all was finished, the newly established "men" were restored to their womenfolk.

It sometimes took them from two to three hours before they could bring themselves to utter a word, so shy and repressed were they after their ordeal.

Finally, by coaxing and cajoling, the women would get them to talk, but it wasn't an easy job.

No women or children were ever



SACRED carvings on tree at Collymungle aboriginal bora, before cutting. Meaning of all carvings is not yet known.

allowed to go near a bora, or to know what went on at the initiation ceremony.

Death was the fate of betrayers.

The Collymungle bora was on a bend of the Barwon, and was virtually an island. It is on timbered plain country.

Mr. Tindale said that so far the symbolism of the carvings on Collymungle trees has not been worked out, although anthropologists have done some work on them. Some day they might interpret them.

"But they may well be a source of artistic inspiration now and in the future," he said.

Mr. Tugby, ethnologist of the National Museum, Melbourne, and formerly of Sydney, says he considers it essential that the relics and information which can be obtained from aborigines still living in the Collymungle area should be recorded.

"Old men are dying out, and with them they are taking precious tribal lore and secrets. Hidden away in Government reserves in New South Wales is some priceless anthropological information which exists only in the minds of these old men, and which will die with them," he said.

As the exhibits are so large and space is short, the National Museum will make a model of the ground, showing its arrangement and location on a bend in the river, surrounded on three sides by water.

N.S.W. is the only State in which tree carvings have been found.



ON THE WAY FROM LEETON to Collymungle, the expedition travelled an extra hundred miles to escape floodwaters and to collect burial trees on the Bogan River. Here are members round a felled tree. This picture was supplied by Mr. Lindsay Black.

Flair for

fashion...



What is that quality which makes heads turn in the street... starts conversation among strangers? Style, sophistication, charm—a certain 'aura' which surrounds one woman, leaving another in shadow... But elegance is not heaven-sent. It means hard work—a passion for perfection in every smallest detail.

EVERY FABRIC MARKED

TEBILIZED

HAS TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

* For example, when choosing a dress fabric, it is not enough for it to be labelled 'crease-resisting'. In this detail also, quality counts. No fabric is uncrushable, but all fabrics marked 'tebilized' resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

ONE morning Jaroslav had come down the stairs at Vera, the Vesely's old cook, carried down the garbage tin. On top of it was the photograph, soiled and crushed.

"May I take it, Vera?" Jaroslav had asked.

The cook had shrugged. "They told me to throw it out. What do I care?"

And now Pan Vesely had said the general was a traitor. Jaroslav was so angry he wished he had the courage to go in and kick Vesely's shins.

"You wouldn't know anything about the general?" Vesely asked.

"Me?" Father sounded surprised.

"Your son is a great admirer of the general. Asked our cook for the picture that I ordered to be thrown away a few months ago."

"Jaroslav did?" Father's voice was panicky.

"Don't worry," Vesely said. "I'm not going to report it. But I want you to know that I know. I don't want to have any trouble in my house."

"Of course," father said quickly. "You know how boys are. They will collect everything. Why, last week he brought home a box full of earthworms." Father tried to force a laugh, but it didn't quite come off.

"Well, I'll be going," Pan Vesely said. "There's a meeting to-night at the Smetana Hall. You be there?"

"Y-y-yes, I'll be there," father said. Then Pan Vesely was gone.

Jaroslav opened the drawer. He looked at the picture of the man who was said to be a traitor. Jaroslav had seen pictures of famous traitors in his schoolbooks and in the newspapers, and he knew that the general wasn't one of them. He—

The door was pushed open. Jaroslav tried to shove the picture under the Air Force jacket. But it was too late. Father had already seen it.

"So he was right," father said. His lower lip was trembling. "Here I'm doing everything to please them, even going to their meetings to keep you out of trouble, and you are getting us right into it. Let me have the picture!"

"No, father! No!" Father had already caught it. He tore it into pieces. Then he took the booklet with the pictures of the American planes. "Give me that jacket! I told you I don't want to see it round the house any more!"

"No!" With a desperate movement, Jaroslav snatched the jacket out of the drawer. He tucked it under his arm and ran out of the room. Into the hall, past the kitchen. For a brief moment he saw his mother's eyes, wide open with fright. The door was open. He ran out on to the stairway.

Father's furious voice was trailing him. "Come back, I tell you! Come back at once or—"

He had to get away! He jumped down, two stairs at a time. He hardly looked where he was going; so strong was the desire to run away. He crossed the courtyard, squeezed himself through the hole in the wall and ran across the vacant lot. He ran until his breath came in gasps and his heart was pounding.

At the edge of the park, he stopped behind a bush and looked back. No one was coming. A few children were playing Soccer with an old tennis ball across the road. The ball came rolling toward the bush. Before the children could retrieve it, Jaroslav kicked it back to them. He took a deep breath. The kick had done him good. His tension was broken; he felt better.

He wouldn't go back home. Never, never again. He couldn't go back to his room, where he had betrayed his hero, the general. He had done nothing to save the picture. He wondered what Jim would say to that.

Danger Zone

Continued from page 20

He ran down the street, crossing the big bridge over the railway lines, and turned towards the station. He always liked to go there to watch the trains. The big hall was crowded and people with bags and parcels were pushing towards the platforms. Over the loud-speaker a voice was saying, "Hullo, hullo, train for Pilsen and Cheb leaving Platform Number Three now!"

Pilsen and Cheb. Where had he heard those words? Then he remembered. Jim's voice shouting, "All aboard, Pilsen, Eger, New York, Detroit!" Jim used to say, "Eger," the old German name, instead of "Cheb."

The thought of Jim made everything clear. Suddenly the boy knew where he was going. To America. He was going to visit Jim right now. He was invited.

Jaroslav waited for a moment until the man at the barrier looked the other way, and slipped through. He had no money to buy a ticket, but that didn't bother him. He had often ridden on the bus without a ticket.

The third-class carriage was crowded; people were standing in the corridor. Jaroslav slipped in just as the train began to move. When the conductor's voice came nearer he pushed his way past the people into the adjoining carriage. At the next station he got off and ran back to the carriage that had already been inspected by the conductor, and now he was safe.

Next to where he stood a bald-headed man with a bulging neck unpacked a parcel. There were thick slices of bread with pieces of ham sausage in between. Jaroslav couldn't take his eyes off the man's mouth, into which big hunks of bread and sausage disappeared. He swallowed and his mouth began to water. He was so hungry that he could have eaten the bread even without the sausage.

THE train was puffing its way through the farmlands and valleys of Western Bohemia, past roads lined with cherry trees, past villages, fields, lakes, and the ruins of medieval castles. Then the hills began to rise and became wooded. Jaroslav recognised the country. Mother, Vlasta, and he had spent a summer in a small village near the German border, where they had been given more food than in town.

The pine woods up there on the ridge were the border; behind the trees was the American zone of Germany. He thought of Jim and of America, and he forgot his hunger.

He got off the train at the last station before Cheb. The papers had said that the gendarmes in Cheb would arrest anybody who tried to cross the border without a passport, and he had no passport. The papers said the gendarmes would shoot without warning.

Jaroslav hid behind a pile of milk cans until the train had left. It was getting dark. He waited a few more minutes and slipped out of the station.

There was the road leading up the hill, which, he knew, would take him straight to the border. It was cold up here, and fog began to thicken. The shadows of trees and houses took on grotesque forms and the lights were misty. At the crossroads he could see the blurred outlines of the house where they had lived that summer.

There had always been a pot of beef soup with big hunks of meat in it on the range. The gnawing in Jaroslav's stomach became painful, but he was afraid to go to the house. They might telephone father. No, he couldn't. He took a deep breath. If only he had eaten the vegetables at dinner! It seemed like years since then.

He shivered and put on his jacket. The fur collar nestled warmly around his neck. He would cross the border at night, and to-morrow morning he would find some Americans and ask them to send him to Jim.

From the rear came the sound of two motor-cycles. Jaroslav jumped off the road into the ditch below. Looking up, he saw two gendarmes carrying guns across their backs. They drove by quickly. When the roar of their motor-cycles had died away, the boy climbed back on the road and shook the dirt off the jacket.

He kept walking for a while until he passed a house. The door was open and a woman came out, carrying a wooden trough with fodder. She was old and wore a dark handkerchief, such as mother used to wear during the Easter-holiday cleaning.

"Blessed be the Lord!" the woman greeted him. "Where are you going, boy?"

Jaroslav cleared his throat, which was filled with dust, and dry. "Just—just walking, maminka."

The woman pointed at the forest. "Trying to get away, what?"

He nodded. He didn't have the strength to lie.

The woman lowered her voice. "Don't stay on the road, boy. They're all over the place to-night with their guns. Looking for somebody, it seems. When you come to the three poplars, take the footpath to the left. It'll take you straight through the forest to a clearing. That's the border."

Her voice dropped. "There's one spot where the clearing isn't larger than sixty feet. The gendarmes never go there. Somewhere on the other side of the clearing are the Americans."

Through the open door came the smell of hot food. Jaroslav inhaled it greedily. The woman watched him. "You're hungry, are you?"

He nodded. From inside the house, a man's voice shouted, "Where are you, mother?"

"Coming!" the woman said aloud. She whispered to the boy. "Wait in the garden. Behind the hedge."

He sat down on the cold earth, listening to the noises from the kitchen. They made him think of home, of mother, of her frightened eyes as he'd run past her. Maybe they were looking for him right now. Mother might be crying. It made him feel like crying himself.

A car came up the road. Jaroslav listened to the familiar one-two, one-two beat of the engine. A small Tatra, like the one Pan Vesely had. He lay down on his stomach. The car drove up and stopped by the door. There were four gendarmes inside, carrying guns in their hands. One of them got out and went to the door.

"Good evening," he said. "Seen anybody around?"

From inside came the woman's voice. "No, Mr. Gendarme. No one's been here."

"All right, woman. And don't get frightened when you hear shooting to-night. We're having a little fox hunt." He laughed. He had a voice like gravel going through a concrete mixer. He went back to the car and gave an order and they drove off.

After a while the woman came out, with a dish tied up in a headkerchief to keep it warm, and a spoon.

"Take this," she said softly, holding the dish out to Jaroslav. "When you are finished, leave the dish here. Take this, too." She gave him a piece of bread and a hunk of bacon wrapped in paper.

"Be careful, boy. So many are caught and shot," she sighed. "Who would have thought that such things could happen!" She sniffed and said, "God bless you, boy," and then she was gone.

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THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 12, 1949

In WHITE for Summer



C. 1571.



C. 1552.



C. 1683.



C. 956.



J. 1551

D.B. 561.

LIBERTY

CORSETS and BRASSIERES

PRICES MAY BE SLIGHTLY HIGHER
IN COUNTRY CENTRES

C. 1571—White Satin
and Lace, Strapless.
Wired frame round
cups ensures good
division. Leno-latex
back. 32"-36", 14/3.

C. 1552—White Satin,
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Circular stitched cup
sections, adjustable
shoulder straps. 32"
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Satin and Net, new low neckline. Both
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features patented inner-
pocket for added sup-
port. Double Hook and
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Fill your pen with QUINK—a protective ink for all gold fountain pens.



They'll make the King laugh

Two Australian acts included in this year's Command Variety

From our London office

Two Australian girls who rank among the top-line variety artists in Great Britain have been practising their curtsies for the great moment this week when they are presented to the King and Queen at the Command Variety Performance.

One is Joy Nichols, whose embarrassed giggle brought her fame, fortune, and romance (she was recently married to Wallie Peterson). The other is Ruva, of the Seven Ashtons team, at sixteen the youngest performer on the bill for the Royal Variety Show.

FOR both Joy Nichols and the Seven Ashtons the Royal Command to appear at the Coliseum before the King, Queen, and members of the Royal Family is the highlight of their professional careers.

"We are just a bit nervous about meeting the Royal Family," the Ashtons said last week as they tumbled and swung on the trapeze they've rigged up in their spacious London flat.

In a corner little Ruva snatched a few minutes from practice to polish up her curtsy.

The Ashtons are members of a Sydney family that has been in the circus business for generations, and there are Ashton circuses on the road in Australia now.

Grandfather of the older members of the Ashton tumbling act, James Ashton, used to pitch his circus tent where Sydney's Central Station stands.

Ashtons are always coming and going, even now, so the headquarters of this big family is still near Central, in Kippax Street, Sydney.

"because it's so handy to the station." Here a retired sister, Mrs. Ruby Wialing, a former circus rider and trapeze artist, is always at home to welcome them back.

Most of the senior Ashtons went into the show under the big tops when they were about eight years old.

Goldie (a boy), one of the youngest artists who will appear in the Command Performance, appeared in a show for American servicemen in Brisbane and got a great ovation.

The Ashtons appeared at the Troli in Sydney about three years ago.

Their career in Britain has been sensational. After a successful tour of South Africa they arrived in England only eight months ago.

They appeared at the Palladium three times in one season, and are now billed for the famous Bertram Mills Circus, goal of every circus star's ambition.

Their act is something more than a tumbling one. It incorporates trapeze work, and is so novel that people who have been in the audience say: "You have to see it to believe it."



MAURICE CHEVALIER, who has retained his compelling charm into plump middle-age. He is an old favourite of the Royal Family.



DOLORES GRAY will fulfil a cherished wish when she appears in the Command Performance.

Clever act

THE Ashtons—six brothers and their little sister—throw each other about with their hands and feet.

The Royal Command came while they were having their third season at London's famous Palladium.

"We suddenly woke up to the fact we were the big success boys," Micky said. "And girl," Ruva added.

For Micky Ashton the Command posed something of a problem. He never wore a tie in Australia, swore never to wear a tie in England. The Command Variety Performance looked like ruining his chances of keeping his vow.

"But we are being presented in our stage costumes," he said with a sigh of relief.

Joy Nichols, whose honeymoon in Capri was interrupted by the great news that she was to appear before the King and Queen, had but one thought in her mind as she travelled back—the thought that comes to every girl, "What shall I wear?"

In her Maida Vale flat she gave



WILFRED PICKLES, well-known comedian, asks the guinea question in "Have a Go," popular B.B.C. variety show. He appears in this year's Command Variety Performance.

a full curtsy to the mirror in preparation for her great moment.

At the Coliseum I saw workmen putting the finishing touches to an entirely refitted and furnished withdrawing-room just behind the Royal Box. It is carpeted and richly hung with velvet and chandeliers.

Against this background Royal Command performers meet the King and Queen.

Joy, whose giggle over the air in the B.B.C. "Take It From Here" programme has endeared her to millions, said: "I won't giggle when I meet the King and Queen, I hope!"

Many of the variety artists are even better known as B.B.C. stars. They include Wilfred Pickles, the North Country comedian, whose "Have a Go" is such a popular feature. But the Royal Variety Performance bill will not be broadcast.

Some of the performers on this great night are old friends of the King and Queen, and some have been down to Windsor Castle to entertain at small private parties.

Maurice Chevalier, who comes from France with his straw hat and gay songs, has long been a favorite. He appeared before the King and Queen in 1938, when they were in Paris.

Maurice was advised by his doctors to take a long rest. But no doctors' orders are keeping him away from this year's Command Show.

As the invitations go out at Royal Command, only illness may be given as an excuse for not appearing.

Another French act on the bill is Les Charlviels, acrobatic dancers.

They defy the laws of gravity and, imitating monkeys, swing from trees, getting some grotesque and breath-taking sequences into their act.

Ex-soldier Peter Cavanagh is such a good impersonator that he fooled the late Tommy Handley, who tuned in to the B.B.C. and thought he heard himself on the air. It was Peter doing a one-man ITMA.

Princess Margaret, who with Princess Elizabeth will accompany the King and Queen, is certain to enjoy Peter, for he is a radio favorite of hers, and she is something of



ACROBATIC DANCERS, known as Les Charlviels. They are John, Valentine, and Charles, sons of a famous French clown, Charlie Rivet. They have been under the big top since childhood.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—NOVEMBER 12, 1949



THE SEVEN ASHTONS, Australian tumblers, of whom only six are seen in this picture. They have reached the top in variety by appearing in this year's Command show.

a mimic herself. They have already met, when Peter did some of his brisk mimicry at Windsor Castle.

Churchill is one of Peter Cavanagh's favorite "victims."

From the big musicals running in London at the moment three stars have been chosen. "Annie Get Your Gun" will have two principals in the show. One of these, Bill Johnson, is fast becoming a matinee idol with his big, tough, sunburned body and close-cut, black curly hair. He will put all the zip and sparkle of the baritone cowboy into the Irving Berlin songs he will sing with Dolores Gray, a fascinating Annie Oakley.

Dolores, born in Hollywood and in show business all her life (but not films), has a twang in her speech and twinkle in her feet that brought her fame.

At the Command Performance she will achieve her greatest wish, for when she came to London with the show two years ago she said, "My ambition is to meet the Royal Family."

From "Brigadoon" Noele Gordon, the vigorous comedienne who sings "Love of My Life" and "My Mother's Wedding Day," in tartan and pigtails, has been invited to do likewise at the Coliseum.

The Royal Command has meant a reprieve for Noele's pigtails. She was going to have her 27in. black plaits cut off and wear false hair in the show, but said, "I'd be frightened they would drop off before Royalty." So she keeps her long hair till afterwards.

The best-known English comedian in the show is Tommy Trinder, who wears round London a wide-awake hat he bought in Australia. With a real talent for being rude to people, Trinder gets many of his laughs that way. And once when he was performing for the King and Queen at a small house-party in the country he gave photographs to everyone who saw his gags and laughed.

Princess Margaret, then a school-girl, got 15.

Recently returned from America, where he was a great success, he



JOY NICHOLS, Australian radio favorite, who appears in this week's Command Performance in London.

said to them: "You send us money (meaning Marshall Aid) then your comedians to take it all away again."

Tommy Trinder started on tour at 12, when his mother sewed £1 in his coat in case he was stranded. He cut it out before he reached London, and spent it.

"I need no introduction to Australia," Tommy told me. "And it's a grand country, for I made so much money there I've investments in Sydney." Trinder asked Sir Donald (then Don) Bradman, stockbroker, what to invest in. It was on Don's advice that he bought a block of flats in Sydney.



NOELE GORDON, vigorous comedienne, who sings in tartan and pigtails.



THE HARMONIC GAS-LS a merry American act, which is well known in London, Hollywood and New York variety circles. The boys were delighted when chosen for Command Performance.



FED RAY, misseeracts, appears before Royalty for the second time this year.

PARIS SAYS

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comfy



All leading furniture manufacturers are fitting Vono Spring Bases to their beds. Or you can buy a separate Vono Spring Base, put it on your present bed, and greatly increase your sleeping comfort. At all leading stores.

Note this drawing of the Vono Spring Base. Supporting cross bars take care of the heavy part of the body but are not used under the head or feet, where little weight has to be supported. A feeling of resting on air results. Any mattress can be used on a Vono Spring Base but greatest comfort comes with a Vono Inner Spring mattress made in England.

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CELEBRATION DINNER

BE YOUR OWN CATERER

Build the fun of a celebration dinner into the preparation of a feast. And if you follow the detailed plan in *The Australian Women's Weekly* "Country for Parties" you'll find it ever so easy. This book gives working plan and complete menu with delightful recipes and suggestions for brightening the party. "Country for Parties" is available at all newsagents 2/-

Danger Zone

Continued from page 22

THE dish was heaped with vegetables — carrots, turnips, and boiled potatoes. They were wonderful. Jaroslav was still hungry, and the bacon had a strong smoked smell, but he put it into his pocket. He might need it later.

Presently he left the garden and followed the road until he came to the three poplars and found the footpath the woman had been talking about. The fog began to lift, and Jaroslav walked faster. In a while the moon would be up. It was almost full moon.

At the edge of the forest he waited for a moment and listened. There was no sound. It was very dark under the trees, and Jaroslav became afraid. He began to run until he came to the clearing. After a while he found the spot where it was only fifty or sixty feet wide.

From the valley below came the sound of a church bell and two dogs barking. He took a deep breath and started to run across the clearing until he reached the trees on the other side. He stood there, his heart pounding fast, feeling triumphant. He had made it! He was in the American zone of Germany, practically near Jim. The rest would be easy.

The run had made him tired. He walked a few steps under the dark trees and sat down on the moss for a moment. He was still hungry; he ate a piece of bread with bacon and leaned against the trunk of a pine. The moss was as soft as his bed at home. He might as well rest for a while before he tried to find Jim's friends.

The feeling of exhilaration had left him and he felt very lonely; he would have been happy if somebody had been here now, even Vlasta, that stupid frog. He thought of mother again, and realised he was crying.

He stretched out on his back and closed his eyes, trying not to think of home, but of America, and of Jim waiting for him at La Guardia Field. Maybe Jim would come for him in his command car. But there seemed to be something wrong with the engine of the command car, which had the one-two beat of a small Tatra.

He opened his eyes. He must have fallen asleep, for the moon was high up above the clearing. It was so bright that you could have read by its light. The Tatra engine was still coughing one-two, one-two. Then it was cut off and Jaroslav heard people talking on the Czech side of the clearing.

A light breeze came from there, and he could distinctly hear the concrete-mixer voice. "You two take the left flank. Sobek and I will walk up here. He can't be far. You have your orders. Don't bother to ask any questions. Just shoot!"

Jaroslav was wide awake now. He crawled up on hands and knees until he reached the edge of the clearing. He looked across. Then he saw the figure of a man crouched under a tree. The moonlight fell straight on his face, and Jaroslav almost uttered a cry.

The general. There could be no doubt, although the general didn't wear his uniform with the many ribbons for his twenty-three downed German planes. He hid on a dark overcoat and a scarf, and he seemed to be getting up on his hands and knees, ready to sprint.

Jaroslav wanted to shout and warn the general, but something was wrong with his throat. Like in a nightmare, when you wanted to cry out and couldn't. The general would never make it. He didn't realise how close the gendarmes were; he couldn't see them come up behind him.

But Jaroslav could. They were walking fast now, stepping hard on pine needles and broken twigs. Then there was a clicking sound which Jaroslav remembered well from the days behind the barricades; the

safety-catch of a gun was taken off. For a short moment Jaroslav had to close his eyes because he could see, almost with blinding clearness, what was going to happen—the general trying to run across the clearing, and the four men riddling him with their guns.

The gendarmes were almost there now, but they didn't see the general yet. They didn't even try to be cautious. Why should they? It was four men again, and they had plenty of ammunition.

Jaroslav swallowed hard. Then he jumped up and stepped into the bright moonlight of the clearing, walking straight back towards the Czech side. The pale, silver light was all over him now, outlining him against the trees, his head, the Air Force jacket, his whole body. Some where far away, like in a dream, he heard a shout and another safety-catch clicking.

I hope it won't hurt too much, the boy thought. I hope it will be all over in a moment, and meanwhile the general will be able to get away. He saw the reflection of the moonlight on the muzzle of a gun, and for a moment he closed his eyes, as he would do just before father was going to slap his face.

Then the concrete-mixer voice shouted, "Don't! Don't shoot, you fool! It's an American!"

Then he felt himself being knocked to the ground and the concrete-mixer voice said, "You're under arrest. Illegal border crossing."

JAROSLAV

sat up. He didn't dare turn his face towards the spot just behind them, where, he knew, the general was still crouched to the ground. If only he could keep the gendarmes busy for a couple of minutes. It took hardly half a minute to cross the clearing. Maybe even less.

"I'm not an American," he said. "What?" They tore the jacket off him, looked at the insignia and the inscription Army Air Force. "What's that?"

"Idiot!" one voice said. "Can't you see? He's just a silly child."

"I wanted an American jacket like this," he lied to the gendarmes. He tried to talk very loud now. "So I crossed the border and stole one from the American sentry on the other side. He was asleep."

The four gendarmes stared at him in amazement. Then they broke into laughter. "Stealing from an American sentry," the concrete-mixer voice shouted, "and almost getting shot by us! For a stupid jacket!"

"It's not stupid!" Jaroslav said angrily. He glanced aside. He was sure that a shadow had moved quickly across the clearing and vanished into the pitiful darkness on the German side of the border.

"All right, men! Break it up!" the concrete-mixer shouted. "You take him back to the car, Franto. The others, come on."

"Give me my jacket!" Jaroslav shouted.

"Oh, no." The gendarme shook his head. "Confiscated."

"Smuggled property belongs to the State," another gendarme said. They laughed. Then they were gone.

Jaroslav stared after them. Good-bye, general. When you run into Jim, tell him I couldn't make it, will you? Jim will understand.

The gendarme put on the Air Force jacket. "H'm, not bad," he said. "Nice and warm. Just what a man needs for those cold nights to come. Let's go."

"Where are you taking me?" Jaroslav asked.

"Where you belong," said the gendarme. "And I hope you'll get a good beating when you get home."

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Interesting People



MAJOR-GENERAL L. LAFLECHE
people his hobby

VETERAN of World War I, when he was seriously injured, Major-General L. R. Lafleche, new High Commissioner for Canada in Australia, says people are his greatest hobby. As part of this hobby he has worked hard for years for ex-servicemen, whose troubles he has made his own, as president of the Canadian Legion. He looks forward to studying the C.R.T.S. here. Fond of shooting, he intends to have some post-shots at the rabbits around Canberra. In last war he was special Canadian Military Attaché in France, and afterwards he became Ambassador in Greece.



MRS. AIDA RUBENS
writes poetic greetings

AUTHOR of many of the greeting verses which find their way all over the world, Mrs. Aida Rubens lives in a quiet district in Essex, England, and spends some hours every day all the year round thinking up rhymes for Christmas, Easter, birthdays, and other special occasions. A cripple for many years, her husband taught her to walk again before their marriage, and afterwards for some years she appeared with him in a musical turn on the variety stage. She does not take her verses seriously.



MAJOR ALAN MACKINNON
lively organisation

FORMERLY well known as Australian pastoralist, Major Alan Mackinnon has just returned to Melbourne from England to become area secretary of the Overseas League in Victoria. Appointed by the London headquarters of the Overseas League, before sailing he completed a tour of English and Scottish branches, and as a result says that the League is a very lively organisation, with 60,000 members. Since going abroad before the war he has had job in British Colonial Service in Africa.

TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
Lost Property



Students practise journalism on college newspaper

Young people entering the School of Journalism at Pennsylvania State College in America soon learn from the School's director, Dr. Franklin Banner, that newspaper life is rarely as colorful as Hollywood films depict it.

PROFESSOR BANNER, who is on a year's leave from Pennsylvania College for research purposes, is visiting Australia to investigate newspaper production.

"Boys and girls who fancy a journalistic career must have the necessary talent and a capacity for hard work if they want to get anywhere," he said.

Professor Banner, who worked for a number of years on the Chicago "Daily News," for which he was London correspondent for several years, has his Philosophy, Master of Arts, and Bachelor of Journalism degrees from the University of Missouri, and a journalistic degree from the University of London.

Each member of the faculty of 15 at the School for Journalism at Penn. State, as he calls his university, is a former newspaperman with from 10 to 15 years' experience.

The students at Penn. State do a four-year course.

They are taught special subjects, so that they may specialise in their newspaper work if they wish, and also learn the basic principles of

photography and advertising, to be well equipped to run a country newspaper of their own.

Students receive their practical training on Penn. State's own daily paper, "The Collegian," which is produced under Professor Banner's direction, and on the daily paper in the town of State College, in which the University is located.

The general manager of the township paper is a member of Professor Banner's faculty.

The town of State College, incidentally, has a population of 30,000, and there are 10,000,000 people altogether in the State of Pennsylvania.

Professor Banner finds that most of his women students, no matter how brilliant, prefer matrimony to a career.

"Of course, many of them marry fellow journalists, but a check over the past 20 years showed that the average newspaperwoman retains their jobs for only a little over two years," he said.

"But journalism has this advantage for women. They can do freelance work after they are married,



Dr. Franklin Banner.

even if they have only two or three hours a week to devote to it.

"One of my former students who married is now assistant to a woman who conducts one of the biggest radio sessions in America."

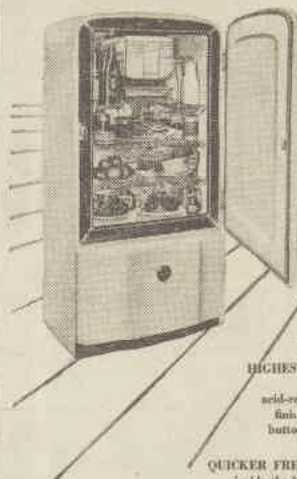
Professor Banner said that other former newspaperwomen contributed to magazines.

Professor Banner described a good journalist as one who nourished natural talent by reading a great deal, talking with informed people, and seeing and writing about life as a good, hard-working newspaper employee.

When he returns to America, Professor Banner will write and lecture about newspapers in Australia.

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The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities — far less tooth decay! The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.



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New! Improved! COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Now Better Than Ever!

New delicious double minty flavour! New sparkling snow-white colour! New scientific polishing action! New soapless, penetrating foam — For effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the proved way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Always Use Colgate's® to

Clean Your Breath While
You Clean Your Teeth—and
HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!



CHARACTERS OF THE HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, Hereford, Rev. L. J. B. Snell, secretary of local R.S.C.P.A., pets' service gathered outside church for service.

"Noah's Ark" church service



CHILDREN HERE gathered outside church and prayer-book when he attended service. Pets' owners assembled at vicarage and formed procession to church.

● Several thousand people attended a special pets' church service at Holy Trinity Church, Hereford, England, recently. This was the third annual "Noah's Ark" service dedicated to Saint Francis of Assisi, patron saint of animals. Throughout the 50-minute service, the animals were absolutely quiet.



LAINE MEMBERS of the congregation seemed aware of solemnity of occasion. Goats, chickens, and rabbits were also brought along by their owners to take part in service.



PONIES ridden into church by young owners. The occasion did not seem frightened. Unusual pets brought along included white mice, a tortoise, and a grass snake.



PROCESSION of entry into Holy Trinity included one member who brought his pet dog along. So great was crowd that the service had to be relayed to churchyard.



In your size... your correct length

It's only fitting that your girdle should be your length, and in a Warner's you pick your exact length, whether it's short, medium, long or extra long. The Sit-Up-Top Le Gant shown here features a waist nip 'n' tucker that won't roll over.

..... your correct hip size

Here's a hip-tip! There's a Warner's that's just right for you because Warner's are hip-sized for straight, average and full hips.

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It can't roll over, can't ride up! STA-UP-TOP, Warner's Le Gant girdle, in sizes 26" to 32". The bra is Warner's Alphabet SLASH-LINE, A, B and C cup, 32-36.

We've taken the sighs out of size

You'll lose inches without pinches in Warner's comfy 3-Way-Sizes

Twins may be the same height and weight—yet need different girdle lengths or hip sizes to be comfortably fitted.

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- Warner's bras are 3-Way-Sized, too, in cup, band and uplift.
- You'll feel as lovely as you look in the Warner's Le Gant that is individually yours... 3 Ways.



WARNER'S Le Gant
Girdles • Corsettes • Bras
AT ALL GOOD STORES

W.20.67



It seems to me...

WHILE impressed with the 12-year-old schoolboy, Rex Blake, who won a trophy for the biggest trout caught in three seasons in the Monaro (N.S.W.) district, I think the boy still has a lot to learn.

Oh yes, I know he made his own fishing-rod and used earthworms for bait. I know it was a 7lb. rainbow trout. And that people four and five times his age, with expensive equipment, were pipped at the post. But here's what he said to reporters: "There is nothing to tell about it. I just flipped my line in the water, flipped it out again, and there was the fish."

Nothing to tell about it! When Rex gets a little more experience he'll realise that the story of flipping that fish out of the water can last him an hour — longer, if other fishermen don't interrupt.

But you will learn, Rex. I'll lay odds that when you're an old man, maybe having fished the trout streams of the world, you'll be waiting for a pause in the conversation to say: "That reminds me, you know. When I was a nipper way back in the 'forties... Know the Monaro district? Well, there was a stretch of river there..."

UNDER existing Dutch law a wife must have her husband's permission to take a job. This fact came to light in the news when a bill was introduced which, among other things, allows a wife to seek permission of the court to work.

Feminists may regard this state of affairs as unenlightened. But really the situation is just the same here, though not a matter of law.

If a wife takes a job against her husband's wishes, the chances of the marriage are pretty thin. And permission of a court wouldn't tend to make the home life any more amicable.

NO doubt motorists will be pleased at the fact that a pedestrian who stepped in front of a taxi in Adelaide was fined £1/10/- for "having walked on the roadway without due care and attention."

I can't help feeling it's another blow against that oppressed class, the pedestrian. The man was knocked down by the taxi—though not seriously hurt—and admitted he was responsible for the accident. Such honesty, I would have thought, deserved, if not a reward, at least no punishment.

But there! What a gap there is in outlook between motorist and pedestrian. Though accustomed to arguing strenuously against the reality of "class war" I sometimes feel hypocritical when I think how strenuously I align myself with the pedestrian class.

And a fair lot of hope there is of getting out of it, too, with the price of cars as it is!

DR. ROBERT EISLER, a refugee from Vienna, says that Britain should breed children as she does racehorses—that the best men and women should be mated to produce perfect offspring.

"Nothing good can come of bad ancestry," he says. "Look at the Derby winners."

Yes, but lots of people wouldn't want their children even to run in the Derby.



Dorothy Drain

A NEW and loathsome device in America is the secret microphone to eavesdrop on shop assistants.

The Sterling Silvermiths' Guild of America tried it out, found that many salesmen were unable to clinch a sale. They actually let the customer make up his own mind. Some of these wicked creatures even suggested that the customer think the matter over and come back.

It's bad enough to think of the results of such investigation — being harried by anxious salesmen and saleswomen trying to persuade you that you want blue when you asked for red—but the worst aspect is the obtaining of information in this

under-the-counter manner. Let's hope the practice doesn't spread. It savors too much of the methods we criticise in some other countries.

"AIRIST" is the name given to the second-class air travel instituted by Airlight Ltd., a private charter airline company founded in London by Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett and his wife.

Before you cluck disapprovingly at the word, remember that neither is "tourist class" a particularly accurate description of second class.

It's just a euphemism we've become accustomed to. Apparently the words second and third class are now considered offensive, though why they should be, when "airist" and "tourist" mean exactly the same thing, is one of the wonders of modern language.

Incidentally, this second-class air travel of Air Vice-Marshal Bennett's company is costing less than third-class rail travel in England.

We'd better hurry up with our gauge-changing in Australia. Our uniform gauge of the future may turn out a complete white elephant.

MR. Justice Foster's remark "I am glad I am a man," after hearing evidence in the basic wage case about the high cost of women's shoes, has a real Gilbert and Sullivan ring about it. Something like this (solo for baritone):

I sit all day upon the bench, and odd the things I hear; Oh, some of them I must admit are really rather queer, And others from the hardest core would bring a silent

tear.

But never, never, never, Did I ever, evers, evers,

Learn things that so appalled me as the cost of woman's

wear.

The hats, and coats, and shoes she needs, both glamorous

and plain.

The things that merely shelter her from heat, and cold, and

rain.

In number and complexity they'd drive a man insane,

And as for what they cost her,

Cried Mr. Justice Foster,

It stirs me to the point where I must lead a gay refrain.

(Chorus of men dressed in robes and wigs).

I am glad, oh, so glad, oh, so very, very glad,

That though some of us are bad, and lots of us are sad,

And others, let us whisper it, may frequently seem mad,

I am glad, as I have said before, that in the comic plan,

I happen to be fortunate, I'm glad I am a man.

Serve Heinz Spaghetti like this—



SPAGHETTI WITH HAM AND ONIONS

Mix three cups of coarsely minced cooked ham (or left-over meat) with one or two sliced onions. Brown the mixture in fat and serve on a well heated platter. Cover with contents of a 16 oz. can of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti heated bubbling hot. Garnish with sprigs of parsley (Serves 4 to 6).



Your family will vote you the world's best cook!



FRANKFURTS AND SPAGHETTI

Split 8 good sized frankfurts lengthwise and steam. Meanwhile, heat contents of a 16 oz. tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. Place heaped spoonfuls of Spaghetti on steamed frankfurts and serve while hot.

These two new delicious ways to serve Heinz Cooked Spaghetti will win cheers from your family. So easy and quick for you to prepare. So easy on your budget, too. Try these recipes. Watch how that hungry family of yours clamours for more. Try one of them today.

You know it's good because it's Heinz

The matchless flavour of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti comes from using the finest wheat to make the Spaghetti itself. Slowly it is cooked in rich tomato sauce made from Heinz Aristocratic Tomatoes. The addition of fine piquant cheese and delicate spices gives that hearty tempting flavour. Serve Heinz Cooked Spaghetti piping hot... on its own, on toast, or with left-overs... its tastiness makes the meal. It is luscious nourishment, too.



HEINZ Cooked Spaghetti

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In Lucas Men's Trunks made from Velveteen loom knit fabric. Let us know where you are and we'll tell you the name of a store that stocks them. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

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Your Chemist's professional
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FREE



SCENE between Ron Randell and Patricia Wheel in Terence Rattigan's "Harlequinade," a farce.



DRAMATIC moment in "The Browning Version" when Edna Best entreats Randell not to leave her.

Ron Randell happy in new stage roles

From GEORGE MCGANN,
of our New York staff

It was partly through the good offices of his friend Katharine Hepburn that Australian actor Ron Randell was given his first Broadway stage roles in Terence Rattigan's "The Browning Version" and "Harlequinade."

Ron was playing in a Los Angeles little theatre in "Major Barbara," when Peter Glenville, director of "The Browning Version," arrived from New York.

"HE happened to mention to Katy Hepburn that he was looking for a young actor for the play," said Ron. "Katy straightaway whipped him around to the Show Case Theatre to see 'Major Barbara.'"

"Glenville liked me enough to offer me the job on the spot. I must confess I had scarcely heard of him and had never seen him act. Katy urged me to take the offer and I did so, thank heaven."

Discussing his new stage career at luncheon in Sardi's theatrical restaurant, the former film actor said:

"I feel I was very lucky to get the chance to play with Maurice Evans in a first-class production. It's the kind of experience which is bound to help me as an actor."

Ron plays sympathetic parts in the two plays, in which Maurice Evans and Edna Best, both former London stars, are the leads.

In "The Browning Version," which is a sombre drama, Ron plays the lover who renounces the wife out of disgust for what she is doing to her husband.

In "Harlequinade," a mad jape about a touring Shakespearean company in the Midlands, Ron does well with the role of a harassed stage manager trying to stay sane amid a highly temperamental troupe.

His notices from the New York reviewers were uniformly good, although the Rattigan plays did not receive too warm a welcome.

Both plays appeared in London last season under the title "Double Ill."

"Working with Evans is a real education," Randell declared. "He's certainly the greatest stage tech-

nician in the theatre to-day, although I would not say that he is a great actor."

"It's a delight and a revelation to observe him in action. Edna, too, is a fine artist. In fact, the entire company is out of the top drawer."

"After some of the 'turkeys' I worked in on Hollywood film lots this play is like a new lease of life. I'm very enthusiastic about the stage again, and hope to remain on Broadway for the next few years, at least."

Ron has found Broadway an exciting experience, although he regards himself as a veteran stage performer.

He made his stage debut in Sydney before the war in "Quiet Wedding," after several years' radio work. Afterwards he appeared in a series of comedies.

Broadway audiences

HIS first big role in Sydney was the part of George in "Of Mice and Men." He was starred as the week-ending sergeant in "Voice of the Turtle" and in "While the Sun Shines," written by Rattigan, the author of his present vehicle.

Broadway audiences are "an eye-opener" to the Australian actor.

"They can be as warm as your grandmother or as cold as your landlord," Randell mused. "Our first night on Broadway the customers were jumping out of their seats with enthusiasm. The second night the



ANGUISH of husband is expressed by Maurice Evans to dismay of Peter Scott and Ron Randell in "The Browning Version."

house was completely taken over by some kind of private club, made up entirely of wealthy people. The men slept through the evening and the women sat on their hands. It was most disconcerting.

"The next night we got storms of applause. I don't know what the devil to make of it."

"That's one thing about the stage—it's never dull. Something new every night."

And as for the films? Randell winced. "Let's drop that subject, quick," he begged.

Ron sailed from Sydney for America in October, 1946, under contract to Columbia Pictures. This contract lapsed in November last year, and since then he has been working on a one-picture basis with the company.

Among the pictures made under the new arrangements was "Tyrant of the Sea," in which Ron plays the romantic lead. The film is a sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Apart from his film work in America Ron has made a firm place for himself in the rapidly expanding television field. He has been doing regular television work for some time and has played with top-ranking Broadway stars.

CHEER UP,
SISTER SUSIE—
WAISTBAND
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WAISTBAND

There's a store close by that stocks Lucas Lingerie with the Evalastic Waistband. We'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

★ Guaranteed to outlast the life of the garment

White Shoes
Stay Smart
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It cleans as it whitens
and won't rub off. . . .
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WORTH Reporting

WITH Christmas coming closer, Mr. Alfred Trimmer, of Leichhardt, N.S.W., has got out his Punch and Judy show and is brushing it up ready for engagements to entertain innumerable boys and girls.

The 12 dolls that make his show have quite a history.

Without knowing anything at all about the traditional Punch and Judy show, Mr. Trimmer set out to make his own set of dolls four years ago.

First he read a script of the famous act, which he got from Covent Garden, London.

He made the heads of papier mache and was then faced with the problem of getting material for the clothes.

Rationing was still operating; but he solved the problem by going to a manufacturer, who sold him scraps for 1/6 a bundle. The result is the most gaily dressed collection of dolls you could wish to see.

Punch is the only doll which is made to be worn on the right hand, as he is never off the stage. All the others hang upside down, suspended by small rings, so that they can be easily slipped on and off the left hand, as they make their exits and entrances.

As well as making the 12 dolls, Mr. Trimmer made a dog and a horse and he had to learn the technique for throwing the stick from one hand to the other.

First performance Mr. Trimmer gave with his Punch and Judy was for the patients at the Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital, where the young patients went into ecstasies over the antics of the dolls.

As Mr. Trimmer worked the dolls for us, giving them astonishingly lifelike movements, he said: "I know them so well that they have become a part of me."

Seeds for visitors who liked our trees

DURING the war years Sydney-sider Enid Metcalfe met some Scandinavians, here on war duty. Later one of them wrote to her from Copenhagen, asking for seeds of Moreton Bay fig trees, to which he had taken a great liking.

With her characteristic flair for thoroughness, Enid wrote to the Botanical Gardens in several States asking for seeds. These came, and she parcelled them up and posted them off by air mail.

Later on, Enid did a spot of travelling herself and now has an interesting job in Sweden.

While she was in Denmark she met her wartime acquaintance, and was delighted to see scores of thriving Moreton Bay fig trees, a few inches high, in pots. They had been raised under glass, and their grower had done a roaring trade with our giant "natives" by selling them as pot plants.



"I've got it! While I'm leaning over the rail waving farewell—I've ACCIDENTALLY fall into the lifeboat!"



"Mabel!"

THE light-fingered were foiled at a recent Paddy's Market in Melbourne. Organisers, ruefully remembering wholesale disappearance of goods at previous charity sales, took the precaution this time of firmly stitching garments on display to old sheets covering the bargain tables.

Orphans invent mythical parents

SOME of the former neglected, needy, and orphaned lads being given a new deal at St. Cuthbert's Boys' Home, Colac, Victoria, write letters to mythical Mums and Dads when they see their comrades writing home, the Rev. Gordon Coad, principal of the Home, tells us.

Correspondence comes in the "writing to Father Christmas" category, but it gives lads a sense of "belonging," which the Home fosters in combating anti-social tendencies.

St. Cuthbert's, which was launched by the Church of England five years ago, is an undenominational institution which makes a feature of giving under-privileged lads a real home and an opportunity to develop along normal lines.

Boys enjoy the same freedom as children growing up in happy, wholesome families.

Gates of the fine old property surrounding the two-storied house are never closed. Lads go to nearby primary and high schools, to church and amusements, unattended, and take a lively interest in community life of the township.

A weekly pocket-money allowance gives them a feeling of independence.

A check-over of the case histories of most of the lads before taking up residence at St. Cuthbert's gives the clue to the Home's pride in the exemplary conduct of its "family." Tragic little members of an unwanted brigade, they came in with passports detailing tear-jerking stories of broken homes, squalid life, and delinquency.

Some, picked up by welfare officers in Melbourne's worst slum areas, spent months learning the rudiments of civilised living... eating with knives and forks... sleeping between sheets... and breaking themselves of the habit of fossicking in garbage cans for food.

"We haven't had a failure up to date," Mr. Coad smiles.

"Some 'old boys' even come back to spend their annual holidays with us."

Mr. Coad is assisted in the work of running St. Cuthbert's by his wife, who is the matron, and her sister, Miss Edna Ridgewell, who is housemistress. Miss Norma Christian does the cooking.

A NEW idea in sub-titles has just been introduced to Paris. A Franco-German theatre company is presenting a modern play in German, "The Exception Is the Rule," at the Comedie Champs-Elysees. The play is translated into the audience's language by sub-titles slipped on to panels on each side of the stage. This is an idea first used in the 18th century by troupes of Italian actors travelling around Europe.

Red-haired Charlie "cops the lot"

THE thing that most impressed the reporter who interviewed veteran marathon runner Charlie Willcox was that he ignored the office lift and ran down the six flights of stairs.

Charlie, at 44, is Manly Amateur Athletic Club's oldest active member, and has been trying to win a marathon race on and off for 22 years. During that time, he says, he must have run about 16,000 miles.

A fourth in the recent N.S.W. Marathon Championship of 26-odd miles was his best effort to date. "I was heading them and thought I had it in the bag," he said. "Then they put on the pace."

A G.P.O. linesman's laborer, Charlie was out of running for a few years when he had a dairy farm. "When I came back I seemed to do better," he said. "I think it was the outdoor life and running after the cows." He found it quicker to run over the hills and bring the cows in than to saddle a horse.

Tall—he is just on six feet—in his own words "thin as a sparrow," red-haired, and with blazing blue eyes, Charlie freely says that on the road, in running-vest and shorts, he "cops the lot" from onlookers.

Asked what runners think about when they are doing road work, Charlie replied that he personally thought about all sorts of things. "There's no distraction," he explained. "It's a great time to work out any problems."

"A bit of age doesn't hurt in marathon running," he told our reporter. "The young ones are inclined to be hot-headed and crack up." For this reason he's going to have another try at the championship next season.

A NEW slant on seeing ourselves as others see us is passed on by Melbourne prelate Monsignor James Hannan.

Making a brief guest appearance at a remote bush township, he felt distressed when his congregation of 13 was reduced to 11, the moment he started his sermon, because a woman took her little son out when the child cried.

Later, making himself known to the mother sitting in the shade outside the church, Monsignor Hannan lamented her departure, remarking, "You shouldn't have gone out. Your little boy wasn't bothering me."

"No," she answered. "But you were bothering him."

Saga of versatile toothbrush

A RED CROSS visitor at one of our repatriation hospitals tells the saga of a toothbrush. One of the patients she visits received the brush when he was overseas in 1943. After its usefulness for tooth-cleaning was finished he used it to polish shells collected on an island beach.

Since he has been in the hospital he has cut off the bristles, sharpened the handle to a point and used it as a soft-leather tool. Then he changed his craft and readapted the brush, using the hanging hole as the eye of a needle to carry thick thread through his work.



Gemey . . . Superlative Cosmetics of Rare Fragrance . . .

You can now be sure of securing enough of your treasured Gemey Cosmetics—fragrant guardians of your loveliness.

At last, sufficient of the matchless Gemey ingredients have become available to Richard Hudnut . . . to enable your favourite supplier to fulfil your requirements of these distinguished preparations.



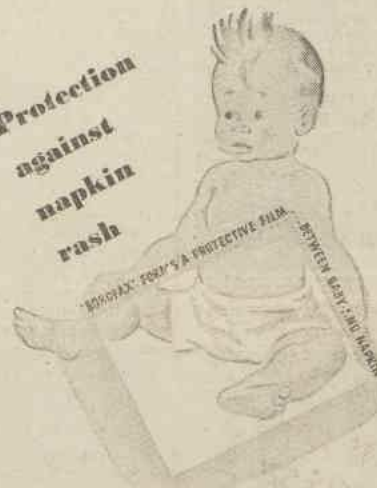
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CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

GLASGOW

Protection against napkin rash



"Borofax," applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply . . . cannot spill . . . and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

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OINTMENT

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT

Good conditions for trainees at big hospital



STUDENT NURSES Hartley Meads and Nan Godfrey learn to apply surgical dressing while new recruit Joan Payne acts as patient. Sister P. Cumin-Scott supervises as sister-tutor.



FOUNTAIN in quadrangle of Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Camperdown, N.S.W., is the traditional ducking pond for the nurses when they have finished their four years' training.



SINGLE ROOMS for trainees have built-in wardrobe, dressing-table, cabinets for cosmetics, shoes, soiled linen. Night duty girls change to rooms with venetian blinds and green curtains.



FOLDING DOORS divide trainees' private lounge from visitors' lounge. The two rooms become one when the girls hold their dances. Supper is served in adjoining quadrangle. The hospital provides a Social Directress and an Arts and Crafts' room to help nurses enjoy their recreation.



THE Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children at Camperdown, N.S.W., is proud of the tuition and conditions it offers its 300 student nurses.

A nurse works a 40-hour week, with consecutive time off each week of a day-and-a-half and has her own well-appointed bedroom.

The student nurse spends her first nine weeks in a preliminary training school. During her four years of active training in the wards, she returns frequently to the school for doctors' lectures and instruction by highly-qualified sister-tutors in general nursing and surgical dressing.

"I'M HUNGRY." Four-year-old Brian Vincent, about to have an operation, must miss his dinner. The large notice ensures that there can be no mistake about this when trays are brought round.



TWO-YEAR-OLD Stephen is not much interested in his drink, but it's Nurse Godfrey's job to persuade him to take it. The girls like their attractive new blue-and-white striped uniforms.



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Gifts. Special Price
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ONE Doin. x 99in. fine quality hem-
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FIBROSITIS* and Rheumatic Pain Fought in 30 Minutes

* (Pains in muscles, hands,
arms, shoulders, back, legs,
and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should do these 3 things to relieve your troubles: 1. Rest the affected part. 2. Use heat applications for temporary relief. 3. Take Romind at mealtime.

Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which devitalize your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results and is so successful that you are asked to try it under the guarantee that it must relieve your pain to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist to-day.

Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind.

Romind



SERGEANT LAKE
frowned. "Steen's a tyrannical old bird," he agreed. "He wanted me to come out and take Holper out of hand. He was all for brushing aside formalities."

"But you're going to take Holper?" the girl said anxiously.

"A doctor will examine him first." "The doctor will believe what Steen tells him. Steen won't make any charge except as a last resort because he hates scandal, but he'll fill the doctor up with stories and they'll be supported by Pete Gorrik."

Lake said, "I don't like to think of any young woman being under the same roof with that man." After a moment he asked, "Are you afraid of your uncle, Miss Steen?"

"I'm sorry I ever came here," she said impulsively, and then hurriedly, "No, I'm not . . . oh, I mean I'm upset because of Jedidah."

"Are you afraid of Holper?" "No," she told him, "but I shudder when Gorrik looks at me."

"Miss Steen," he said seriously, "I'm sure you wish to be frank with me. You don't like your uncle. I think I can understand that. But why are you so concerned about Jedidah and Holper?"

"Because," she said with earnestness, "I believe that if you decide to take Holper—to separate them, Jedidah will kill her brother and herself."

"She has threatened that?" "Not in so many words, but . . . there is poison in the house."

He sighed. "Nearly every farm has enough poison to kill all its occupants."

"There's something strange about the poison Jedidah has." She told him of her experience on the night of her arrival, of the visitor to her room, and the way the jar had fallen from the canopy on to her knee.

He said, "Whoever put it up there hadn't expected you to occupy the room. Who was it, d'you think, Jedidah?"

"No. I put the jar in my bag, and she found it there in the morning while unpacking my things. She . . . thought I brought it with me."

"Good Lord." "I could easily disprove that," the girl said. "The jar has a label on it and a date. It came from the Dandaloo pharmacy and the date was February 2."

He repeated the information, memorizing it.

"I was in Perth on that date," she said.

There was a silence before he asked, "The jar, then, is now accidentally in the hands of Jedidah? I understand. Ref Steen brought you from Perth by train, so he was there when you were. That leaves Holper and Gorrik and Jedidah herself as possible purchasers. Well, we'll soon find out."

She said, "Does it matter so much?"

"It might. What was in the jar?" "I never opened it, of course. But through the glass it looked a bit like castor sugar."

"Crystals? White?"

"I suppose you'd call them that. Yes . . . I told you, like castor-sugar."

"It sounds like strychnine," he told her. "But the strychnine used for bait is purposely colored for safety." He made his words sound light. "I suppose there's no one at Pelvernon wants to get rid of anyone else?" She didn't answer.

"You're not sure?" he said, and added, thoughtfully, "You're living in a nasty atmosphere." He startled her by seizing her arm.

"Vashti," he said, "I never thought of it. People gossip a lot in these parts. There's little else to do. They used to say that old Steen hated the thought of Pelvernon going to Pete Gorrik. And then he brought you here. His niece. And yesterday he was in Kinalcuddy shut up with Prædregg, the lawyer. Vashti . . . has he said anything about his will?" "Yes," she admitted reluctantly,

Poison in the House

Continued from page 7

"You're his niece. You'd inherit. Is that what he told you?"

"Yes, but Pelvernon means nothing to me, Mr. Lake."

He ignored that. He was agitated and excited. "Good heavens, girl," he said. "Pete's been ruled out. He'd be furious. Furious enough for . . . Vashti, you're sure Jedidah has that jar?"

"Quite. She's hidden it." "And you can trust her? She'd have nothing to gain by your death?"

"She's only concerned about Holper. That's all I'm concerned about, too. I want you to do what you can for him and Jedidah. I'll do all I can, but it isn't much. Perhaps you could persuade Mr. Steen to let Holper stay on. I'm sure the doctor would say Holper was harmless unless he was prejudiced by Mr. Steen's stories."

He said, "I'll do what I can. But it's you I'm worried about, Vashti. I'll have to think this out."

"I'll be all right," she said.

IT was nice having someone so solicitous, the girl thought, though he was frightening her, emphasising that things were serious.

Well, she knew that, but if she told him about Pete shooting at her he might want her to leave the house, or might speak to Steen or . . . well, she couldn't guess exactly what, but she was determined nothing should interfere with the plans she had made with Steve Garvie.

"There's nothing to worry about. I'm sleeping with Jedidah to-night," she explained.

"But there will be all the other nights and days."

"No," she said. "I'll be going away to-morrow night."

"From Pelvernon? For good?"

"I hope so."

"But," he stammered . . . "the banns . . . Charlie Bates . . ."

"I'm not going to marry him, Mr. Lake."

"Mr. Lake!" he said. "And I've been calling you Vashti."

"What's in a name . . . Ben?"

"Gosh," he said boyishly and with apparent irrelevance, "I'm glad I went to church."

"Suddenly he became brisk and official."

"I've got to get back to town," he said. "I've got something to do. Keep away from Gorrik . . . and Holper. And, whatever you do, Vashti, watch your step. I'll be

back to-morrow. I'll want to see you alone to-morrow night . . . here."

"Not to-morrow night," she said quickly.

"It might be necessary," he said. "Well," she said, "if it will help Holper and Jedidah. But only for a moment. Here, at nine o'clock."

She had thought rapidly. The quickest and easiest way was to agree, and she had done so and was touched by the earnest approval with which he greeted her decision. He held both her hands.

"Don't you worry, Vashti. I'll see you through." Peering, he tried to make out the expression on her face. "But, after you leave here, you'll let me know your address?"

"I'll write," she said. She had no intention of doing so, and felt a flush of shame steal over her face, and was glad it was dark.

She removed her shoes so they would not be heard on the gravel, and, thinking of Dulcinea that long night ago, crossed the yard, holding them in her hand. Reaching the dark kitchen she took from her bosom the envelope of notes Spellman had given her and sealed down the flap; then she felt her way to Jedidah's room and softly opened the door.

"Jedidah," she whispered, "may I light the candle?"

The woman was awake. "Where you been, Vashti?" Then, as the match was struck, she caught sight of the shoes in the girl's hand. "You been love-makin'?"

"No. Something more serious." Smiling, she sat on the edge of the bed and put the envelope in Jedidah's hand. "I want you to have this and use it just as you wish."

"What is it?"

"You'll find out after I've gone."

"Gone?"

"I won't be here after to-morrow night."

"Garvie?"

She nodded. "The envelope will help you and Holper."

Jedidah's fingers explored the plump package. "Money?"

"Yes."

"It feels a lot."

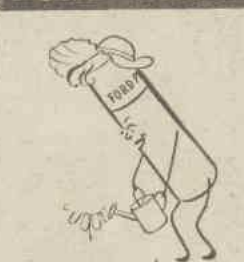
"A hundred pounds."

"A hum—Vashti, did Garvie . . .?"

It was a good let-out, and she took it. "It was a—a wedding present," she said.

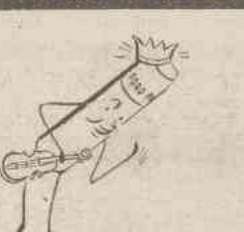
Please turn to page 38

FORD PILLS



Mary, Mary, was contrary,
But now is bright and gay;
Her headaches are vanished,
Her pimples are banished;
She takes Ford Pills each day.

FORD PILLS



Old King Cole,
A merry old soul,
Said to his fiddlers three:
To keep free from ills
You must take Ford Pills
To be merry and bright
like me.

FORD PILLS



Wise Mother Hubbard
Goes to the cupboard,
But not to get a bone.
She gets Ford Pills
For the simple ills
That bother every home.

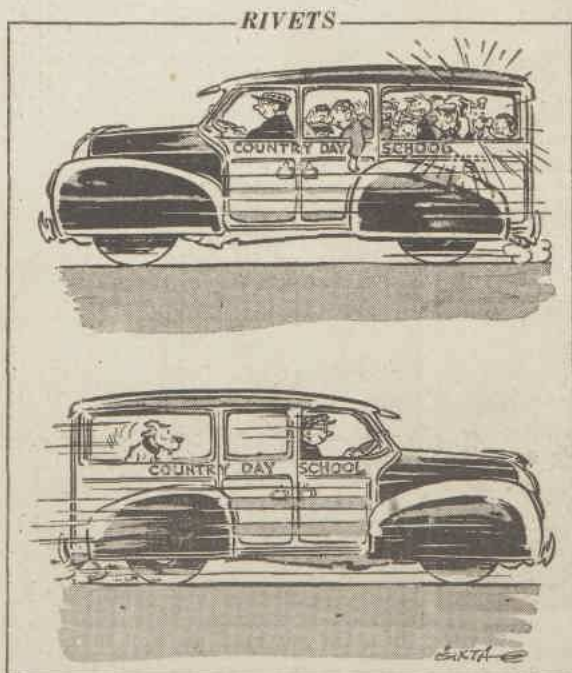
FORD PILLS



Little Bo-Peep
was losing her sleep,
Her joints were full of pain,
She took Ford Pills
on a friend's advice,
And now is quite well again.

Ford Pills are the gentle,
tasteless, painless laxative for
all your family. In plastic
tubes, 2/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS





BRISBANE RACE VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. R. Sloman, of Brisbane, snapped at Flemington on Derby Day. Mrs. Sloman wore lime wool frock with fox jacket and tiny yellow hat with brown crown.



FROM SYDNEY. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dovey and their daughter, Mrs. Gough Whitlam, attend Derby Day at Flemington. Mr. Dovey is among few Sydney men who wear top hat to Derby.



GLAMOR personalities of Cup Carnival. New United States Naval Attaché, Commander Adrian Perry, and his lovely wife at cocktail party before Naval Ball. Commander Perry was United Nations Air Adviser to United Nations mediator, late Count Bernadotte.



AT DERBY EVE BALL. Ronald Hudson (left), of Dallas, Texas, with Mr. and Mrs. Theo Scales. Mrs. Scales formerly Sheila Martin, of Wagga.

Intimate Greetings

DARK sun glasses order of the day for Sydneysiders this week, home again after gayest Melbourne Cup Carnival since prewar days.

Pace can be judged by remark by Melbourne's Sir Harold Gengoult Smith at Cup Night party, who says, "My 43rd social appearance since Caulfield." Festivities he refers to include delightful dinner he gives with his wife for the Allan Braggs, down from Landgrove, Cootamundra.

BALL starts rolling for interstates with terrifically gay Derby Eve dinner dance . . . it's the sort of night to have once a year, everyone agrees. Hilarious racehorse and course decor makes everyone Flemington-minded . . .

and Lady Gullett beams as money pours in at party, which aids Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Frocking is super. Gathering honors for Sydney among dancers is Mrs. Strath Playfair in black faille . . . following day at Derby she again carries off laurels in off-white silk tailored suit and large sunburnt straw hat.

Decorative Mrs. Sam Wood, in great demand all the week, wears Derby's most arresting hat—palest grey French crinoline straw, with sweeping almond kernel-shaped brim . . . one side is weighted down with real almond shells and tiny cork hearts, stitched on with heavy gold thread. Her sister, Inez Lyle, who has been staying with her for Cup gaieties, returns to Sydney late this week.



COMMANDER and Mrs. W. Beresford Marks snapped with author Martin Boyd and Marita Brett, of Bermagui, N.S.W. (right), at dinner given by Marita's aunt, Mrs. Humphrey Clegg, South Yarra.



AMERICAN AMBASSADOR Mr. Pete Jarman and Mrs. Jarman (centre), among Cup visitors to Melbourne, with U.S. Consul-General and Mrs. Sam Fletcher at cocktail party given by Fletchers at American Consulate.



AT DERBY EVE BALL. Mrs. M. L. Baillieu, setting off fairness in lovely palest apricot chiffon gown, snapped with Michael Crichton (left), of London, and Mr. Tom Baillieu, down from Cessillo, N.S.W.



ELASTIC invitations to "come to lunch from noon" make Sunday a marathon. Party-givers include the Russell Goldhams, who have open house at Toorak.

Among guests are the Lister Henrys, who choose week before Cup to change address to Melbourne . . . They've bought home in the Dandenongs next to the Nicholas family's famous property, Burnham Beeches, at Sherbrooke . . . it's a heavenly spot.

THRILLING phone call received by Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon, who have recently changed Sydney address to Melbourne. Call comes from their daughter Ann in United States. She's just engaged to George Repetti, of Colorado Springs, and is staying with her sister Judith (Mrs. Stuart Phelps Dodge) until March. Fiance will fly out after her for wedding in Melbourne. Until they move to lovely home in Terresdale Road in December, the Dixons stay at the Windsor.

CHARMING Naval wife Mrs. Richard Fisher, who arrived recently to make home at Newport (Sydney), as R.N. lieutenant husband has come out on exchange duty, goes to Melbourne as Cup guest of Mrs. Stanley Heyward, at Toorak. During visit sees herself star as a guest in film just arrived from London showing christening of hostess' grandchild, Wendy Louise Lewis. Baby, who has Admiral Lord Fraser as godfather, is daughter of Wendy and Vaughan Lewis. Christening took place just before Mrs. Fisher left England.

SMART TRIO. Mrs. Stephen Blau, of London, and Mrs. Kenneth Barker snapped at Flemington with Mrs. Shirley Olson (right), who recently returned to Melbourne from America.

DISPENSING their usual lavish hospitality for Sydney friends with several dinner parties, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Neiken give their traditional enormous Cup Eve cocktail party . . . On Wednesday there's much ado at the Delphic when Mrs. G. I. Stevenson gives superb luncheon for 200 guests.

On Friday, Mrs. David Wood, down from Hay (N.S.W.), and Mrs. John Wilkinson, from Benalla, join forces and hostess big cocktail party at Mrs. Colin Martin's home.

Lovely party the previous night is dinner at Menzies, when Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke entertain to celebrate Sir Rupert's birthday.

Sir Rupert's half-brother, the Earl of Beective, arrives in Sydney shortly.

SUPERB finale to Cup Day is cocktail party at "Kuruch," Sir Norman and Lady Brookes' stately old mansion in Domain Road . . . Red carpet rolled out from front door down across footpath for guests to walk on as they step from cars. "It saves dust of Flemington being brought into house," confides magnificent hostess Lady Brookes. Festivities begin at 5.30 for about 500 guests . . . Delicious buffet meal follows . . . everyone helps themselves in reception rooms from tables spread with colorful Japanese obi cloths.

Mme Curie: Discoverer of radium

LATER, examinations of minerals known to contain radioactive elements surprised her when she found a degree of radioactivity much stronger than the proportion of radioactive elements in the specimen would suggest.

Her audacious mind leapt to the conclusion that the specimens must contain some minute quantity of an unknown radioactive substance.

A new element
This was the first stage in the discovery of radium. Then she had to verify the element's existence.

Pierre, who had followed Marie's experiments with avid interest, dropped his current research and joined forces with his wife in the work which was to hold them for eight years completely enthralled.

During these years it was impossible to judge who was responsible for the different stages of their progress. They worked in such close harmony that their handwriting alternated in their laboratory work-book. The bulletins published as the experiments progressed were signed jointly. The descriptions of the work contained such phrases as "We observed," "One of us," and "We found."

Marie and Pierre sought their mysterious "very active" substance in the ore of uranium, pitchblende.

As the composition of this ore had been known for a long time, they expected that the new element would be present in only a small quantity. How small they never suspected. Soon they found it was concentrated in two different chemical fractions of the pitchblende—which indicated the existence of two new elements instead of merely one.

By July, 1898, they announced the discovery of one of these elements, which they gravely named "polonium" in memory of the native land of one of us," they wrote.

To show polonium and radium to the incredulous, the Curies labored for four years in an abandoned shed in the grounds of the School of Physics, a shed which had one virtue: it was in such a terrible condition that nobody else would use it.

The four years are a blur of back-breaking toil, through which the two young scientists vaguely observed the life around them. Marie seems to have immersed herself in work so completely that she had thoughts for little else, until in 1902, 45 months after they announced its probable existence, Marie succeeded in preparing a decigramme of pure radium and made the first determination of its atomic weight.

Meanwhile, the Curies were struggling to balance the budget on Pierre's slender salary of 500 francs a month. To help out, Marie began teaching, too, and against these heavy odds of increased work the Curies summoned their flagging strength for further experiments.

In five years they were to publish 32 scientific communications, the titles of which, in themselves, appal the layman.

Their friends despaired of the nonchalance with which the two physicists treated their precarious health.

Their wonderful radium, under the concentrated research it was now undergoing, revealed properties which surpassed all expectations. Its radiation proved to be two million times stronger than that of uranium, and only a thick screen of lead could stop the invisible flight of its penetration.

Later the element was harnessed to medicine and healing, and its merciful work brought health to many sufferers.

Putting aside all thought of personal gain, Marie and Pierre had decided to make their methods of extracting radium known to the world, and its production was begun on an industrial scale.

Marie had been too deep in dis-

Continued from page 18

covery to spare the time to prepare for her doctor's degree, but now she gathered her materials together and successfully faced her examiners.

As the value of their discovery was realised honors came their way, first from England, where they were awarded the coveted Davy Medal. In 1903 the Nobel Prize came from Stockholm. They shared it with Henri Becquerel.

But still they had no well-equipped laboratory, the only worldly gain for which they longed.

Marie's correspondence at this time shows bitter complaints at the interruptions through unwelcome publicity and adulation.

The honors they received, with their cash prizes, meant to them only that less time could be given to teaching, and more time could be given to research.

In 1904 Eve, the younger daughter, was born.

Two years later, on a rainy April afternoon, Pierre Curie was walking along the Rue Dauphine in Paris, his big umbrella sheltering him, his mind far away. He stepped off the kerb in front of a huge horse-drawn waggon. The waggon passed over his head.

When the news was brought to Marie Curie she stood so motionless, says her daughter, that the bearers of the tidings wondered if she understood. At last she asked in a low voice, "Pierre is dead? Dead? Absolutely dead?"

Finally the work which now became the whole of her life took command, and we see a frail and rapidly ageing woman take over her

Biographies of Madame Curie include one written by her daughter, Eve Curie, and another entitled "The Radium Woman," by E. Dooley.

husband's mantle of professorship at the Sorbonne.

The first woman professor at this famous university, she faced a packed hall as she made her entrance for her first lecture.

As her words fell upon her hushed audience they realised she had resumed the course at the precise sentence where Pierre Curie had left it.

So Marie carried on alone, supporting her children, lecturing at the university, and continuing her laboratory work. Once again her genius emerged for the world to see. She was giving the world's only university course in radioactivity, and after two years of professorship she produced 971 pages of a wonderful Treatise on Radioactivity.

She succeeded in bringing radium metal to light (up to that time it had always been prepared as salts of radium), and evolved a method of measuring radium by the measurements of the emanation it disengaged.

She wrote two more scientific volumes, and in 1911 her mounting fame was crowned with a second award of the Nobel Prize, this time for Chemistry.

Madame Curie found a second reason to hate fame when jealous contemporaries tried to damage her reputation.

Because she worked chiefly with men, there were malicious allegations that she was a "home-wrecker." The fact that her life was blameless and the stories absurd didn't prevent the slanders from worrying her.

Other people, jealous of her suc-

cess, labelled her a "foreigner." These worries practically broke the spirit of the frail Madame Curie, bringing her to the brink of suicide, and causing a grave illness.

As she recovered she found heart in the news that a laboratory of radioactivity was to be established in Warsaw. When she returned home still weak and ill in 1913 to inaugurate the building, she was accorded a tremendous reception.

At last she got her longed-for laboratory. The Pasteur Institute and the Sorbonne, at common expense, decided to create an Institute of Radium, and happily the grieving woman supervised the building of the precious laboratory.

The first World War, which interrupted her researches, set her off at a new tangent. Although she had not come in contact with X-ray apparatus during her work, she had complete knowledge of the subject, and, realising the need in wartime for mobile units of the X-ray machine, she soon raised funds to assemble the first radiological car.

A fleet of 20 such units was eventually operating along the front base hospital lines, and Marie's two children, living in Brittany, hardly saw their mother, who sped from one hospital to another, operating the machines which could so magically locate the shrapnel or bullet embedded in a wound.

After the war came two trips to America, where she used her ebbing strength on a triumphal tour of thanks to the people who had generously given towards a fund to buy a gramme of radium for Mme Curie's institutes.

The generous people of America had recognised the anomalous position of the discoverer of radium, who, having forsaken her patent rights to the element, was without the means to purchase what she needed to continue her researches.

With her went her two daughters, the elder of whom, already marked for a career of science, showed the brilliance which was to make her also a Nobel Prize winner.

At the institute her work proceeded now with the help of her daughter Irene, and honors continued to be heaped upon her.

She doggedly remained the eternal student. Even at the age of 65 she was working a 12 to 14-hour day.

At home her daughters would find her, surrounded by papers, rulers, and scientific manuals, seated on the floor, wearing a preoccupied frown, and murmuring her complicated formulae in her native Polish.

Her last battle was fought against the blindness which threatened.

Four operations were necessary before the cataracts which clouded her vision were successfully removed, but almost before she had recovered she was back in her laboratory.

She was working now with dreadful haste, ignoring doctor's advice and her abnormal blood content. She refused to be surprised or alarmed, saying it was to be expected, seeing she had exposed herself for 35 years to the emanations of radium and to the radiation of the X-ray apparatus.

Her recurring symptoms resolved themselves into a collapse which preceded death. Her disease was called pernicious anaemia, but radium was the true culprit.

"Mme Curie can be counted among the eventual victims of the radioactive bodies which she and her husband discovered," wrote Professor Regaud after she died on July 4, 1934.

A year later the book she had hastened to finish was published, carrying the simple title "Radioactivity."

Australian fast bowler

RAY LINDWALL

says "You can't beat Horlicks for nourishment and flavour"



Ray Lindwall played his first game for Australia against England in 1946. Since then he has never looked back—but has sent England's champions back to the pavilion on many occasions. "Fast bowling burns the energy out of you," says Ray, "but I've found the way to replace it—with Horlicks. You have to be fit—and stay fit for fast bowling. That's why I'm a great believer in Horlicks. I enjoy its delicious flavour, and it keeps me right on my toes."

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour... you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to

build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.



Ray Lindwall played his first game for Australia against England in 1946. Since then he has never looked back.



Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas

CUTS BURNS BLISTERS

respond to **portex** treatment

"Portex" Plastic Skin is the ideal dressing for everyday injuries. It stays for 3 weeks, then gives comforting relief from pain, protects wounds from germ entry, speeds healing. Recommended by doctors, endorsed by your chemist.

portex
Plastic Skin



A.M. Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine.

Packed with features, fiction, and sporting articles of absorbing interest to Australian men and women.

At all newsagents and bookstalls every month 1/-.



FIREWORKS and gags on and off the stage keep Hellzapoppin' patrons on their toes right through the programme. Rifle firing often drowns other sounds, and brings down showers of balloons, feathers while show proceeds at sizzling pace.



CLOAK-ROOM service for customers is also carried on in theatre. Dizzy usher after going into action with feather duster on patron's coat puts it on hanger which is lowered from ceiling, and garment is then drawn aloft, where it stays.



QUIZ adds to entertainment. Sam Hatchett, of Brunswick, and Sally Adams, of East Brunswick, laugh over the problem of transporting inner sprung mattress which Sally wins for answering simple question. Radiators, sausages, flowers are also prizes.

HELLZAPOPPIN': And

★ Dizzy audience-participation show Hellzapoppin', now showing at the King's Theatre, Melbourne, boasts that any resemblance between this entertainment and a normal theatrical production is purely coincidental.

Show features overseas artists Don de Leo and George Mayo, who play original Olsen and Johnson roles, sensational toe-dancer Gloria Gilbert, who spins on toes at rate of a hundred whirls a minute, Dorothy Jean, and "Snowball" Whittier.

Stunts of every description take place in audience. Props for madcap acts range from eggs to explosive shot machines.



AIR VENT plays havoc with skirt of Jean Dunn, of Middle Park, as she and Pat O'Sullivan, of Albert Park, leave the stage. Patrons accept crazy stunts with good humor, as part of the fun of show which never slackens.

FRANTIC
crawling to
name . . .

SHOW-G
of the as
white mu



HER spends early part of show putting people in wrong seats and rest of it correcting mistakes. Here he carries patron from place to another. By-play is aided by false nose and duster.

and it's all in fun



RAT GAG which caused Premier of Victoria, Mr. Hollway, to leave theatre. Show-girl Babs Wyatt sits on arm of patron's chair, and comedian Reg Thorpe appears in aisle waving gun and shouting, "You double-crossing rat, I'll kill you." Gun goes off, and Reg holds up huge rat.



IC search made throughout entire show by tramp with lantern who spends evening around the theatre, plaintively calling for Chloe, singing first bars of song of that name, and wailing "Chloeeeee" in stalls, dress circle, and gallery, quite regardless of stage.



DELIVERY PROBLEM. John Gilbert has frustrating night trying to deliver three dozen eggs to Mrs. Jones in audience. Eggs become chicks, then fowls, next a tray of dressed poultry, and finally chicken sandwiches. John is happy when "Mrs. Jones" finally accepts sandwiches.



GIRLS Evelyn Russell, June Longham, Pauline Kenyon, and Betty Bell, with some animal extras. Backstage menagerie includes Dalmatian dog, Australian terrier puppy, goose, a goose, some ducks, fowls, chicks, and a black cat, all of which appear.



MARDI GRAS atmosphere when girls in show whisk men in audience out of seats to dance in aisle and give impromptu jazz turn on stage. Men are persuaded to change coats with each other and audience is rocked when they have trouble getting garments back again.

WHEN HOUSEWORK GETS TOO MUCH FOR YOU

BRISK LIPTON TEA WILL PULL YOU THROUGH

says 'Cuppa' Brisk: "YOU'LL NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU TASTE Brisk LIPTON'S!"

BRISK is the tea-taster's own word to describe the fresh, lively, full-bodied flavour of Lipton's tea—a flavour that is the direct result of Lipton's 70 years' experience of growing and blending fine quality teas.

BRISK FLAVOUR - NEVER FLAT!

SKIN LOTION CONTAINS Olive Oil for your skin beauty

ASK FOR THE ROUND BOTTLE WITH THE ORANGE LABEL

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Use it always!

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Meltonian shoe soap not only cleans white leather, it restores the surface finish—it's simple to use, easy to apply—quick to dry. It is the perfected cleaner for all white leather shoes, gloves and bags.

IN 'DUMPS' JARS AT SHOE SHOPS, STORES, REPAIRERS—EVERYWHERE

JEDIDAH said slowly: "Garvie must think a lot o' you. Hundred! Can't get over it." She was suddenly suspicious, and asked the girl sharply, "Why are you doin' this for me?"

"Well . . . because I like you, Jedidah."

Jedidah sniffed and stuffed the envelope under her pillow.

"First one who ever said it," she said, gruffly. "Better climb into bed." She turned her face to the wall and had no more to say.

But when the light was extinguished and the girl lay stretched out in the narrow space beside her, wearing petticoat and camisole in lieu of nightdress, the old woman's bony hand sought and found the soft young fingers, pressed them, and presently, still holding them, she sighed loudly, and slept.

In the meantime, Ben Lake was making his way to the township. It was after eleven when he arrived there, and he thought it unlikely that anyone would be stirring at the chemist's shop. But he knew he'd have a sleepless night if he didn't clear up the matter of the purchase of poison about which Vashti had told him.

He walked smartly along the dark street in a drizzle of rain, determined to exercise his policeman's prerogative.

A tiny light showed from beneath the drawn blind of a closed window behind the shop. He walked along the weatherboard side of the building and knocked on the door. He caught a startled exclamation from the room beyond, and there was the sound of an interior door closing.

After a discreet interval he tapped again, and presently the door was opened by a good-looking fellow in his early twenties. Ben, making quick appraisal of the slight annoyance on the flushed face and the unruliness of the hair, drew his own conclusions.

The young man said, testily, "Yes, what is it?"

Ben said, "I want Mr. Grathworth."

"Mr. Grathworth will be away till Tuesday. I'm his assistant."

"New, aren't you?"

"I've been in Dandaloo two days. The name's Ellis."

"From the city?"

"Yes."

"Welcome to Dandaloo," Ben said, grinning amiably. He glanced at the closed door. "I won't keep you more than a few minutes, Mr. Ellis. I suppose Mr. Grathworth keeps a note of the poison he sells? There'd be a book or something?"

"Of course."

"I would like to see it."

Ellis's eyes took in the uniform. "This is official, of course?"

"Yes; I'm Sergeant Lake."

Young Ellis said, "Sit down, please, while I go into the shop."

Ben took a chair, noting with amusement how carefully the assistant closed the door after leaving, but it had no sooner shut than he had his ear against the panel. A woman whispered, "Has he gone?" He caught Ellis' warning reply, and grinned to himself.

The young man had only just arrived in town but he wasn't letting any grass grow under his feet. Ruefully, the young policeman wished he could manage his own love affairs with equal celerity.

A light coat was draped over a chair. The property of the young woman inside the house in widower Grathworth's absence. Idly he lifted the coat and something in the pocket swung against his knee. He took a package from the pocket and turned it over in his hands, then, shrugging, thrust it back again.

He was sitting in the chair when the chemist's assistant returned with a diary.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 33

"What date did you want?" Ellis inquired.

"The second of February this year."

The young man slipped over the leaves and ran his finger down a page. "Apparently there was no sale on that date," he said. "As a matter of fact there was no sale for a week before or after that date."

Ben took the book from him. He felt puzzled as he stared at the space in the diary set apart for February 2, then something caught his keen eye. He said nothing to Ellis, but held the book a little closer to the light.

Certainly there was no inked reference to a sale, but someone had pencilled in, so lightly that it had apparently escaped the notice of the assistant, the name of Reff Steen.

There was nothing more to be found out, however, so Ben Lake departed.

The next day he busied himself with routine duties. But, still not entirely happy about the pencilled entry, he had hard work to assure his lover's mind that all was well . . . that, had Vashti not been concerned, he wouldn't have given the matter further thought.

He had once wished that Mr. Sweetacre would admit him more deeply into his confidence, but the little detective, while suggesting that his field of investigation of the matter that had brought him so far from Sydney was narrowing, had discouraged even official inquisitiveness.

LATELY, Ben Lake thought, the little detective had seemed more intrigued by Mr. Silverman, the visiting solicitor, in whom Ben found no interest at all. He knew, too, Mr. Sweetacre would possibly discourage his own interest in the plight of Jedidah and Holper.

Grudgingly he admitted to himself that, by bucking Reff Steen, he would be jeopardising his own opportunities of advancement, and was ruefully conscious that, with the exception of Vashti, the people at Pelvernon meant nothing to him. He was a lover anxious to hear gifts, and the offering Vashti would most appreciate would be the official news that he wasn't going to take Holper away from his sister.

"Ben, Ben," he reproved himself, "I didn't realise how young you were," and began to reckon out how many hours it would be before he could with any sort of justification ride out to Pelvernon.

Outside the local hall there was a notice to the effect that the shire council would meet that evening at seven, and, reading it, he felt his heart lighten. Old Steen would be at the meeting. He decided to go out much earlier than the hour Vashti had set.

Late the same afternoon Mr. Sweetacre met an arrival by the Perth train. He had stooped shoulders and a deer-stalker hat and a moustache that drooped despondently. Detective Tammis Prisk had always maintained that Sherlock Holmes copied him.

Mr. Sweetacre, eyes twinkling, shook hands with his old friend. "Conan Doyle, I presume?" he said.

Prisk said with affected southernness, "Your deduction's all wrong. Have ye no heard o' the explorer Stanley? Why in Satan's name have ye brocht me into the wilds?"

Mr. Sweetacre looked round cautiously. "Because we've got our man," he said.

Half an hour later Mr. Sweetacre was sitting on a hard chair watching Prisk standing in a tin bath, a pretty sight, with water running off his moustache ends as he removed the stains of travel.

"To think," Prisk was saying, "the ninnies at Scotland Yard are beginnin' to say ye can sit in an' office and deduce a murderer. After all the routine we've been through."

"Oh," Mr. Sweetacre said lightly, passing him the towel, "it wasn't so much, and our man made the inevitable slip."

Detective Prisk rubbed himself vigorously, then paused.

"I can't help thinking," he said, "there's a woman in it somewhere."

Mr. Sweetacre meanwhile, taking from his pocket the newspaper that had come in with the train, had begun to read.

A headline leaped at him, and he read with murmuring concern until he came to a name and sat up, clamping his fingers about his wide lower jaw, frowning in concentration, trying to recapture an episode, a situation, a visit, a conversation.

At last he snapped his fingers. He had it. He'd been looking at some photographs. He and others. Quite impersonally. They'd been of no consequence then. Now he was sure they provided the answer to the puzzle which had been agitating his mind.

He wagged his head dolefully at the headlines. It was all very sad, but, from the point of view of the law, eminently satisfactory.

Detective Prisk, now thoroughly dry, had found his pipe, and, naked and unashamed, was proceeding to light it. "He or she," he was saying between experimental puffs, "it was a cold-blooded bit of devilry."

Reff Steen pattered about the house all day on Monday. He was morose and preoccupied, and, although Jedidah lifted her scant eyebrow at his frequent goings and comings, she said nothing. Towards late afternoon he came into the kitchen and called, "Vashti."

When the girl came he drew her to one side. She had attributed his silence to a natural reaction to her alleged conduct as revealed by Spellman, and was surprised when he said, "I'm worried bout old woman, Vashti. Want you to keep eye on her while I'm at council meetin'."

"Of course," she said, "but . . ."

Please turn to page 40

"I first suspected when he called the yacht Loretta, and the rowboat after me."

Prepare for parties . . .

● Now is the moment for last-minute thoughts about what to wear when the spate of Christmas parties starts. These Paris and New York styles offer varied ideas.



SURAH in a lovely beige shade is used by Pierre Balmain for an effective, simply styled frock with braid embroidery as trimming.



TAFFETA of marine-blue, knife-pleated all over, is chosen by Lecomte for skirt and cape. Cream guipure lace makes the yoke and short gloves.



SHANTUNG taffeta of soft brown makes an attractive Lilly Dache two-piece with jutting pockets for accent.



COTTON in pastel toning is very new for cocktail wear, with a huge hat to dress it up. This one, styled in New York, is slim-fitting, has slit and tied sleeves.



Good looking . . .
good cooking

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10 pint pressure cooker—the
glamorous, streamlined cooker
that will combine all
the latest improvements with
a new magic in speed cooking.

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SOLID-DRAWN ALUMINIUM KITCHENWARE

Announcing a new range
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streamline design saucepans, in 1½,
2½, 3, 5, and 7-pint sizes.
Contour, finger-grip handle on steel
core for maximum strength . . .
made extra thick for
extra protection against
cooking heat.

Duralife ware is solid-drawn from heavy gauge aluminium—99% pure. That's an average of more than 20% extra metal than can be used in the old hand-spun process of manufacture. Because they are solid-drawn, Duralife articles are harder, stronger, longer-lasting . . . Walls and bases are even throughout, thicker, heavier, and more resilient . . . Keep straight and upright through

longer years of heavier use . . . Lids fit accurately; have no crevices for dirt and germs to enter. Complete range includes modern streamlined saucepans, boilers, kettles (including electric model), teapots, coffee percolators, colanders, canisters, measures, frying pans, cake tins—more than 80 lines in all. Call at your favorite store to inspect this newer, better-type, longer-lasting kitchenware.

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yourself
this
morning?

PROTEX
is the pleasant way
to avoid offending

Protex with its fragrant bushland tang, makes your daily bath a joy. Protex contains an antiseptic for your protection against infection but is mild and gentle even for baby. Protex is safe, Protex is sure, Protex gives you daily protection against infection and offending. Protex is the soap for your family bathroom today.

The safe
antiseptic soap
with the
bushland
fragrance



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FOR FLIES, MOSQUITOES
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STEEN interrupted the girl gravely. "Wasn't goin' to tell you," he said, "but someone's been at bait. Broke the lock of my poison box. Stuff we keep for rabbits."

She looked her concern and he went on, "Jedidah's worried 'bout poor feller Holper. Wouldn't be surprised if she did herself a mischief."

She said quickly, "Do you... must you send Holper away?"

"Fraid must, Vashiti." He shook his head dolefully. In the kitchen he told Jedidah to set an early tea so that he would be punctual at the council meeting at Dandaloo, and insisted that the others eat with him.

"Not hungry, Vashiti?" he asked, watching her toy with her plate. "Well, old woman here shall cut us some sandwiches 'gainst when I come home."

Jedidah said, "Holper's got to eat, too. Better tell Pete to give key to me and I'll feed 'un."

Steen pursed his lips. "No," he said judicially. "You can take tucker down to stable. Pete can open door for you and lock it when you come out."

"Dafite might as well be in prison," she said bitterly.

"Ah, well," he said, "we won't have to bother 'bout poor feller much longer. Ben Lake's stayin' in Dandaloo couple of days, I hear. I'll try and get whole thing fixed to-night." He bent his head for grace and soon after rode out of the yard.

Jedidah began clearing the dishes from the table.

"I guess you don't feel like eatin', Vashiti," she said. "Too much on your mind, I suppose. I'll fix you something for supper when I get old un's. Somethin' special. You eat sandwiches I set on blue plate." She suddenly thought, "But I forgot. You're not comin' back."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and made a warning gesture towards where Pete Gorrik leant against the wall just outside the kitchen door watching Reff Steen from beneath lary lids as the old man rode into the gathering dusk. He made no sign that he'd heard, however, but took the cigarette from his mouth and idly flicked the ash.

After a moment he called, "Jedidah, yell when you're ready to feed the dafite," and mooched across the gravel towards the stables.

Jedidah said, "You didn't count on him bein' about when you fixed to make for Silvanella to-night."

"No," the girl said anxiously. "He mustn't know, Jedidah. I'm afraid of him."

"You got no cause to be scairt 'less he can fit blame on some un else," Jedidah said consolingly.

"I wasn't thinking so much of that," the girl said. "But I'd hate him to follow me. If I could only get him out of the way for a bit. I didn't tell you," she went on, "but Steve thinks it's best for me to come back here after the ceremony. Tomorrow he's coming to see Mr. Steen to tell him everything."

"Reff'll go crazy. If I was you, after you're hitched, I'd stay put right over at Silvanella. That's where you'd belong."

"I've got to do what Steve says." Jedidah put the hot water into the wash-up pan and began to dip the dirty dishes. "You'll be wantin' to set off soon," she said thoughtfully.

"The moment it's quite dark." Jedidah said, "Don't worry 'bout Pete. You get yourself fixed to go. Watch out when I go to stable with Holper's tea. When you see us go inside, nick off. I'll take care o' Pete."

"Dear Jedidah. You're sure you can manage?"

"I'll manage. You pop upstairs now. I'll fix dishes."

"But I've nothing to do. I'm not dressing up."

Poison in the House

Continued from page 38

"None o' that devil's paint?" "No. You've forgotten I'm coming back here. I mustn't let Mr. Steen suspect."

"There's a lot o' 'Mr. Steen' 'bout your talk lately. Seems like you don't like callin' un uncle."

"No, I don't," the girl said with finality.

"I don't blame you," Jedidah said. She made no further comment till she had finished the dishes and was wringing out the cloth, then she said, "I'll be in bed when you come in. Would you mind if to-night I slept in your bed, Vashiti?"

"Why, Jedidah, of course not. I don't know why I didn't think of it before. It's a much bigger bed."

"Easy big enough for two," Jedidah said.

"Why, yes. And you can creep downstairs early in the morning."

Jedidah sighed. "Mornin' will take care of itself."

After the dishes had been dried and put away, she stood at the kitchen door, wiping her hands on her apron, staring at the stables. It was growing dark rapidly, and already the presence of Pete Gorrik, leaning over the half-door across the yard, could be distinguished only by the faint glow from his cigarette.

Her lower lip puckered up as she turned back into the kitchen, and her little eyes grew beadier and darted here and there searchingly.

The girl's voice recalled her. "What is it, Jedidah?"

"Nothin'," the old woman said.

SUCCESS FOR HOME-SEEKERS

REAL ESTATE agents report that much business has been done since the Daily Telegraph has featured real estate advertising and businesses for sale in their classified columns on Wednesdays.

Many of those seeking houses have been successful as the following letter shows.

J.L.D., of Eastwood, writes: "I advertised for a home in every daily and many suburban papers for weeks with no results. I advertised last Wednesday week in the Daily Telegraph real estate section, and received five replies. One of these has granted me my wish—to rent a home at Carlingbah."

"Should be dark enough for you to make tracks, shouldn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"If I was you I'd wear coat. Looks like it might storm later. If you don't want to start trouble to-night I'd get back before old un returns."

Jedidah went into her bedroom and returned with a soiled piece of wrapping-paper. Setting it on the kitchen table, she handed the girl a stub of pencil. Shamefacedly she made her request. "Want you to write 'Vashiti' on paper."

Wondering, the girl obeyed and Jedidah muttered a brief thanks. She stood staring at the written word. "Looks easy to do," she said. "Never could learn to write my own name."

"Jedidah? What does it mean?"

Jedidah laughed dryly. "That's one thing they learned me in orphanage. It's bible. It means 'well-beloved'."

She took from the dresser-cupboard the plate of meat she had cut during the hurried meal and set it on the table. She went to her bedroom and returned at once with Pete Gorrik's whip and placed it on the table beside the plate.

"Belongs to Pete," she said. "I'll take it to stable when I feed Holper." She put out her hand awkwardly. "Don't know much 'bout these things Vashiti," she went on, "but got to wish the bride luck."

"Thank you, Jedidah." The young

arm went about the old neck, and for a long moment they stood cheek to cheek, the girl warm and impulsive, the woman hard, unbending, afraid to let herself go.

Jedidah said at last, "I'll pop over to Holper. Don't forget sandwiches. On blue plate, remember. You're excited now, but you'll be peckish when you come back. I'll make 'em nice."

"Thank you."

The old woman said, "I'll holler for Pete. Wait a couple o' minutes after we get into stable, then run for it."

"I understand. Thank you, Jedidah."

The old woman made her way over to the stable, where Pete pushed the door open for her with his foot. Inside, he reached out a hand and took the lighted lantern from the hook and started for the end room. Holper had heard them and was already shaking the door.

"I brought your whip back," Jedidah said.

"Good." Outside Holper's door he set the lantern down and began fumbling in his coat pocket for the key. "Where's Vashiti off?" he asked quietly.

"Vashiti?" She pretended she didn't understand.

"Don't kid to me," he said. "I heard what you said. She can't come back without going. She's meetin' someone, isn't she?"

"You're talkin' nonsense."

"I said, 'Is she meetin' someone?' Garvie perhaps?"

"I don't know. Open door."

He laughed. "You're a dark old horse," he said. "But I got nothin' special to do to-night. I'll keep an eye open. The old un might like to know."

Behind his back she stooped and set the plate of meat on the ground. Holper was beating on the door and Pete shouted, "Shut up, or I'll give you somethin' to yell for. I've got my whip back."

But he hadn't. As he bent, sitting the big key to the ancient lock, Jedidah brought its heavy handle down on his head. He uttered a surprised grunt and went down on his knees and she gave him another for luck.

He rolled over, the iron key ringing as it fell from his fingers on to the stone floor. She picked it up and opened the door. Holper's eyes were wide as he saw Pete crumpled on the cobbles.

"He's dead," he whispered. "You kill un like I wanted?"

"I don't know," Jedidah said, and tossed the stockwhip into the room. "It don't matter anyway. Help me drag un inside."

When they had the unconscious man across the threshold she shut the door on him and turned the key in the lock.

"Come on, Holper," she said. "You and me's goin' away." She picked up the lantern.

His eager eyes registered childish delight, and then were suddenly dark with suspicion.

"Not with Ben Lake, Jedidah?" he quavered, hanging back. "Pete's been telling me Ben's goin' to shut me up in a little room. So small I won't be able to turn round. We're not goin' with Ben, Jedidah?"

"No, we ain't goin' with Ben," she said, making her voice matter-of-fact. "Just you and me." She replaced the lantern on the hook and led the way out of the stables and back to the house.

"You needn't be 'fraid, Holper," she said kindly. "Old un won't be back for long time. Till we go, you can just do what you want. I'm goin' to make you a nice tea. Then we'll go upstairs and eat it. Just two of us... in big room."

Please turn to page 44



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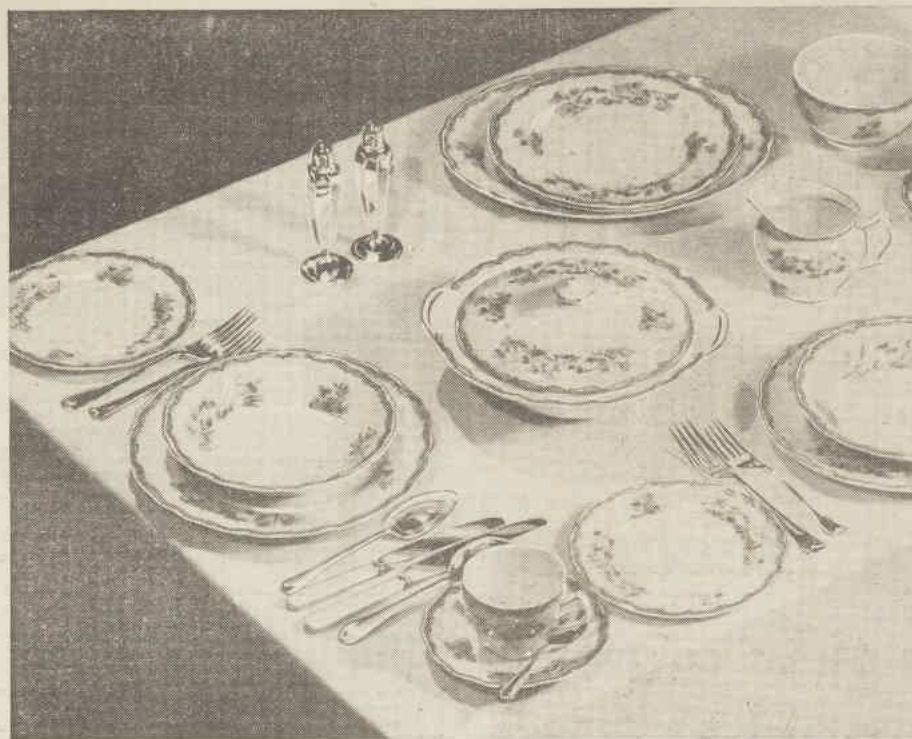
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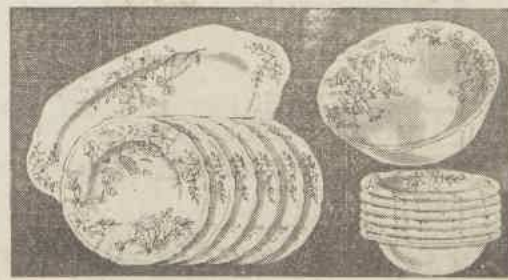
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BLIND FROM BIRTH



SELF-RELIANCE of four-year-old Patricia Todd, who has been blind since birth, is shown as she competently feeds herself. Patricia has benefited in every way since she began attending nursery school.

Playmates are lively stimulus for handicapped youngsters

By PATRICIA McKINNON, staff reporter

Enrolled at the Sydney Day Nursery Association's nursery school at Herne Bay, N.S.W., four-year-old Patricia Todd, who has been blind since birth, is taking her first steps towards normal life.

Once frail and pampered, she now happily joins in songs, organised play, and nursery-school routine, her dark glasses being the only clue to the fact that she cannot see.

PATRICIA is not the only child who has overcome physical and psychological deficiencies mainly by nursery-school attendance.

In each of the association's fourteen day nurseries scattered in and around Sydney are children who came to the nursery as "problems," but who are now happy, carefree tots, developing under the directed freedom of the nurseries' routine.

Responsible for their progress are the teachers, who have all undergone a specialised three years' training course in the most modern methods of child care.

Their expert training and knowledge do much, companionship and competition with other children do the rest.

"Many people regard day nurseries merely as child-minding organisations, not realising that the staffs specialise in child training," says Miss Ethel Lakeman, supervisor of nursery schools for the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association.

Small, blind Patricia Todd is a shining example of the success of the methods employed at day nursery schools.

When I visited the school at Herne Bay, N.S.W., Little Pat, as she is affectionately called by director Miss Ilse Karger and her assistant teachers, was enjoying her favorite "sport," a trip down the slippery slide.

Small, slender, but sturdily independent, she waited her turn in the chattering queue, then mounted the six steps, counting them out loud, before making a triumphant descent, which she celebrated with a joyful jig, her reaction to all achievements.

Miss Karger told me that when Pat came to nursery school at the end of last March she was a delicate, frail child.

She had been treated like a baby, carried round, fed, and her cup held for her when she wanted a drink. She cried when she wanted anything at all, and her mother reported that

she was highly strung and had a violent temper.

At first she attended nursery school only three hours a day, so that she would become adjusted gradually to changed conditions.

Her schoolmates were not told that Pat was blind, but were merely asked to "show" her where the bathroom is, she doesn't know yet, or perhaps "show Pat the slippery dip."

"The other children seemed to understand that she needed a little extra care," Miss Karger said. "Nobody ever hit her or took anything away from her, and soon my problem was to prevent any particular child acting as her special tutor."

"Repeatedly I had to say, 'Leave Pat alone—she is a big girl and can look after herself.'"

"Now she can do almost anything for herself," she said.

I watched as Pat conducted and led the class through "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and other nursery jingles, and as she took her turn in a climb over trestles.

She was obviously happy and enjoying every minute of her "school day."

Rapid improvement

Pat's adjustment to normal social contacts, as well as the pre-school training she is receiving, will be invaluable to her when she goes on to a school for the blind to learn braille," Miss Karger said.

The happy little girl, immersed in enjoyment of school, is a spectacular example of what the day nursery pre-school training can do for a physically handicapped child, but in its own way the transformation of a four-year-old boy named Kenneth, a pupil at a day nursery in an industrial suburb of Sydney, is just as remarkable.

Vital, sturdy, four-year-old Kenneth, who so confidently leads the percussion band now, used to be a timid, nervous child, unwilling to join in everyday activities at the nursery.

Patient and intelligent handling by director Jean Webb restored Kenneth to a normal, healthy little boy, with every chance to develop into a self-reliant adult.

Little Pat finds a new world...



TOUCHING ASSISTANCE from small three-year-old Jeffrey Peters, Patricia's best friend, is given as they leave the lunch room.



SURE-FOOTED as a child with normal sight, Patricia takes to freestyle-climbing with confidence.

His mother, who went to work, enrolled him at the age of nine months, and until he was two he continued to be a healthy, happy little fellow.

Then his parents broke up their home, and he changed from a gay, mischievous tot of normal weight and intelligence to a nervous and timid child.

He refused to associate with the other children, would cry easily, and was afraid of the dark.

His efforts at finger-painting, a negative series of whirly in red paint, showed his confused state of mind and led his teachers to believe he was suffering from a fear complex.

The nursery director and a devoted grandmother who then had him in her care put their heads together to cure his increasing fear of the dark and of strangers.

The grandmother was advised not to force the little fellow to go alone into dark rooms, but to coax him, by asking him to do little errands that would take him to one. It was



ENRaptured expression on face of tiny Pat shows her complete enjoyment as she sets the pace and rhythm while her classmates sing.

thought his love for her and his willingness to please would make him overcome his fear.

At school he was encouraged to lead and to set an example to other smaller children. His confidence in himself increased, and he reported to his teacher one day that he had been in a room in the dark by himself, and wasn't afraid.

"It was a big step forward, too, when Kenneth actually asked if he could conduct during rhythm training," the nursery director said.

"He has a wonderful sense of rhythm, is a born leader, and is most agile on his feet, especially for a boy."

Four-year-old Peter, an only child, who was sent to the nursery school on the recommendation of a child specialist, was another child proving difficult to manage.

He was quite a problem for a time,

too. He wouldn't join in the games or speak to the other children, and he lost weight.

Miss Lakeman and the school director devised the scheme of linking his home and school life, had him bring to school a little suitcase packed with his toys, and then when he went home in the evening he would take with him a piece of work he had done that day.

This way Peter had something from home and something from school with him all the time until he became a well-adjusted, normal little boy.

Of course, most of the children who attend nursery schools are healthy and normal. The happy routine and the excellent care they receive keep them that way, while their bouncing good health acts as a refreshing tonic to the few who are not so well equipped.



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THERE was sudden amazement and fleeting pleasure in Holper's eyes. He said softly, "With her?"

"Where she was," Jedidah told him shortly.

"Isn't she there now?" "Don't you worry your poor head 'bout where she is," she said. "We'll see her later all right. While I'm makin' tea you can go where you like, up or down or in or out. Pete's locked in his room with his whip and old un's in Dandaloo. You can even go in parlor and look at books. You'd like that?"

He followed her along the passage into the front room, and she lit the lamp and took down Sandford and Merton and some of the bigger volumes and tumbled them in a careless heap on the floor.

"You squat down on carpet and look at what you like," she told him. She flicked open the pages of the book she held and stood regarding one of the illustrations. Suddenly she ripped the page out.

"Oo!" he said, alarmed.

"You can even do that," she said.

"You can tear all the pictures out."

"The old un would whip."

"I tell you we're goin' away . . . for good. We'll never see him again."

She tore out another picture. "You stay here and make all mess you want," she said. "Do what you like. I'll go and get tea."

The Reverend Walchett had been touched by Steve Garvie's thoughtfulness in offering to drive him from his home in Kinaleuddy to the church at Dandaloo, and delighted with the opportunity of passing some time at Silvanella, which he had not visited since the death of his old friend, Garvie senior.

He liked a break from routine and enjoyed good food and a glass of good wine, and Garvie saw that he had both.

Whisked away from Dandaloo almost before (as he jested) he'd had time to count the collection, he'd thoroughly enjoyed the informality of the young man's conversation during the drive in the dog-cart.

He had further enjoyed the temptingly laid out supper at Silvanella, the comfort of a wide bed, and the pleasant relaxation of Monday, which he had passed reading under the shady verandah, and roaming about the orchard.

Not till the delightful farewell dinner cooked by a housekeeper whose excellence the Reverend Walchett remembered from the old days, and served by her husband, an equally old retainer . . . was over, did Garvie broach the real reason for his invitation.

When asked to perform the marriage service that night the old man was startled. Marriage shouldn't be rushed, he argued, but Garvie countered by explaining the predicament in which Vashti was placed. It was she who was being rushed into marriage, and a loveless match at that. Was that right?

It was not, the old man conceded, and offered to intercede with her uncle, but, even as he suggested it, knew that Reff Steen's obstinacy would never be overcome by any arguments he could employ.

He felt worried and anxious. Had he known about the calling of the banns he might have reasonably insisted on deferment and investigation, but he had been manoeuvred into a difficult position.

Garvie had cleverly delayed his arrival at the Dandaloo church, and had practically snatched him from the pulpit after the service. There had been no time for gossip.

Now the young man was appealing to him in the name of the friendship he'd held for his dead father while an eager bride, he understood, was already hurrying to Silvanella.

Nevertheless, he still hesitated, and, seeing the old man wavering, Garvie clinched the matter. He rose from the table and stood by the window, staring out towards Pelvernon. He said, hesitantly, "I had

Poison in the House

Continued from page 40

hoped not to say this, sir, but . . . you wouldn't have us continue living in sin."

There was a deep silence. The Reverend Walchett looked up sharply, then his eyes fell again to the table and he sat twisting the stem of his wineglass nervously, his old eyes sad. He said at length in a tired voice, "I will marry you, my son."

Garvie said, "I have shocked you."

"In my time I have had many shocks."

"You will not speak of this matter to Vashti? She'd die of shame if she thought I had told you."

"Of course I shall not speak. If, when the young lady comes, she wishes to marry you, I will perform the service. I understand there will be no one from Pelvernon except the bride. You will need witnesses."

"There are my housekeeper and her husband."

"Of course." He began to walk about the room, pressing the tips of his fingers together in nervous concentration and paused at the mantelpiece.

With a glance at the clock he said, "I hate to speak of my own convenience at such a time, but it is really imperative that I return to Kinaleuddy to-night. You will not wish to leave your lady."

"My man can drive you to Dandaloo. There's a freight train with dog-box at eight-thirty."



"Care to have a little more room for your feet, lady?"

The Reverend Walchett looked at the clock again. With an effort he managed a faint smile. "Brides are invariably late."

"Vashti will not be late."

He was looking through the open window as he spoke, and presently a flutter of white pierced the darkness on the square of lawn, and he said, "She's here now."

He called, "Vashti," and seeing him, she came to the window. He leaned out and swung her easily over the low sill.

A little breathless from her hurry and the informality of her entrance, the girl stood shy and silent as Steve said, "This is Vashti." Still without a word, but with a little half smile, she put her hand in the old man's.

The Reverend Walchett said: "I want you to be very sure, my dear, that this ceremony is the desire of your heart. Remember, marriage is a link for life. Remembering that, remembering all things that have been and are, are you sure you want to marry this man here and now?"

She looked across at Steve Garvie and into the old man's lined face. "I am very sure," she said.

A sharp rat-tat-tat on the front door brought Steve Garvie's head up with a jerk. Vashti said, "Oh, Steve, I've had no opportunity of telling you, but it's a friend of mine."

"Mr. Silverman." She went on as she noted his expression, "A very old and dear friend . . . I invited him."

There was a discreet knock and Garvie's manservant entered. His eyebrow lifted slightly at the unex-

pected sight of the girl, but he announced with perfect decorum that a Mr. Silverman had called.

"Show him in," Garvie said, a trifle coldly, and when the man had gone, "Who is he, Vashti?"

"He's a solicitor," she said, anxious about Spellman's welcome, "from Sydney."

Garvie frowned but the Reverend Walchett brightened. "I am glad you have someone to stand by you, my child."

Spellman made a perfect entrance. "Vashti, my dear girl," he cried, and went quickly to her, hands outstretched, kissing her cheek lightly with the prerogative of age and old acquaintance, then beamed on Garvie. "And this is the happy man . . ."

His manner seemed to put everything right. The Reverend Walchett looked at the clock. "If you will have the witnesses in, Stephen," he said. "I presume Mr. Silverman will give the bride away?"

"Delighted," Spellman said, and made a cheerful conversation while Garvie went to explain to his startled housekeeper and her surprised husband.

The Reverend Walchett patted the girl's hand.

"The service will be very short, Vashti, my dear," he said. "But, after you have made your peace with Mr. Steen there is no reason why the ceremony shouldn't take place all over again with all your friends present . . . and I am sure you have many. And, of course, Mr. Steen."

He added, very gently, "That's how I would prefer to see it."

Yes, the bride was thinking furiously, that's how it should be. Another service. No more hole-and-corner as Steve had rightly called it. No more Spellman masquerading as Silverman, fixing unaccustomed spectacles to his nose, revelling in the variation of a new role.

No more pretence and secrecy but everything in the open . . . in a church with a surpliced clergyman and herself in a bridal gown and veil, with Steve, the admiration and envy of all her friends, by her side.

It was not right, this hurried service with the parson worrying about catching his train, the two strange and uneasy witnesses, and she herself not keeping her mind on the words of the curtailed service but remembering that her dreams of her nuptial night were crumbling, that instead of passing it in the arms of the man she loved, she'd be sleeping alongside old Jedidah in the hateful cramped bed.

Almost before she knew it, the parson was asking her did she take this man to be her wedded husband, and very soon he'd been driven away and Spellman didn't seem to be around and then she was alone with Steve Garvie and unexpectedly crying in his arms and, wonderfully, everything had been put right.

"Vashti," he was saying, holding her tightly, "I can't let you go. It's too much to ask."

"I don't want to go," she said, but she knew she must. There was the problem of night clothes . . . all her clothes, the only things in the world she possessed. Steen might be difficult about them when he knew. She voiced her fears and Garvie was soothing at once.

An idea had just come to him, he said. In her excited state it seemed the inspiration of genius . . . a means to a delicious end and the consummation of every possible dream of happiness.

To be continued

All characters in the serial, and all short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

BECAUSE old-fashioned hailspot muslin and cotton voiles are in the news for teenage dance dresses this season, I advise a teenager to have a spotted muslin as her first formal frock.

First formal

"MY mother is very anxious for me to attend my first formal dance in a spotted cotton frock, and I think it is not dressy enough. I would like a more formal frock in crepe or lace. Would you advise me, please?"

This season a cotton can be just as formal as crepe or lace, and much more appropriate and lovely for a young girl's formal. Illustrated is my idea of a dream dress for the teenager. The material is hailspot cotton, white on deep coral-pink, edged in pink chiffon in the same shade of coral. The bodice is tiny, low cut, and sleeveless. The skirt is quite enormous, and delightfully graceful for dancing.



THIS hailspot muslin is my dream dress for a teenager.

Sports skirt

"WOULD you give me some advice about a design for a casual sports skirt? Is the very full skirt still being worn, or would it be best for me to have a straighter line?"

To be in the fashion, a separate skirt need not be very full. A straight or moderately full skirt with "extra" style points such as pockets, front buttoning, and slot details at the waistline is a smart current design.

Smart touches

"PLEASE advise me on the following dress problems. I want a hat to be made in a dress material, with gloves to match. What material do you think is suitable and what design? I would also like to know what you consider the best bodice and neckline for a plain shirt frock, and the right length for a day frock."

Skirt lines are now about mid-calf length or a little shorter. A white pique cloche-shaped hat trimmed with self-flowers and worn with matching wrist-length gloves would

be new and summery. Have the bodice of your shirt-waister made with a low-cut V neckline finished with wide ripple revers, and above-elbow sleeves with pointed cuffs. Have a soft shoulder line—no pads, or just enough to give a smooth line, depending on your own figure proportions.

Evening jewellery

"COULD you advise me on the correct costume jewellery to wear in the evening? I like pearls, but my husband likes colored jewellery, so I thought I would write to you and see which is correct."

Both are correct. Pearls are still as popular as ever, particularly long pearl ropes made up of pearls about the size of a pea. This type of necklace looks best worn looped around the throat casually, the end falling at

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

the side or front. In Paris, strings of brightly colored glass beads are in vogue, but I have not seen many of this type locally. Another popular necklace is a plastron type made in pearls and fake colored jewels such as sapphires and rubies.

Creative approach

"WOULD you give me some fashion help, please? I seem to be so bad at planning my clothes. I have as much money as most of my girl friends, but they always seem to have more changes in their wardrobes, and seem to wear more interesting styles than I do."

You must learn to have a more creative approach to your clothes. Buy one or, if your budget can run to it, two really simple basic dresses, then build them up with good accessories. Separates are another excellent wardrobe builder. For instance, two separate tops plus a long and a short skirt can be changed around to see you through for night and day.

Tropical wear

"SOON after Christmas I am holidaying up north in a tropical climate, and would like you to help me with my wardrobe. I want a cool, dark dress for day wear, a sun-dress, and some sort of pretty dress for dancing. My age is nearly 20. I have a good slight figure."

Clothes for a semi-tropical climate are best made in cotton, or, anyway, a material that will definitely wash. For your daytime dress you couldn't have anything smarter or nicer than a darkish plaid cotton seersucker worn with a white hat (boater or cloche shape) and white accessories. For the sun-dress I like the idea of a grey-and-white spotted material made with a low, square-cut neckline and wide shoulder-straps. The party dress would be new and summery made ankle-length, of sheer or white pique.

"DIMITY."—A pretty, cool style for maternity wear. The material is a printed floral crepe, the colors obtainable are pale blue, beige, pale grey, pale green, pink, and sky-blue, all printed with floral tonings of pink, blue, and green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 56/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"CHARITY."—Attractive sun-dress and matching bolero. The material is a printed linen-like material obtainable in blue and white, red and white, and navy and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 68/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

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(A)



about the new
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JOB—OR CAREER?

Fred Bligh at 16, was making his big decision. "Do you think I'd suit insurance, Mr. Wisdom?" he asked.

Knowing his background, I replied, "Certainly, Fred—and I know insurance would suit you. In the first place, insurance DOES offer a career—it's not just a job—and there's a mighty big difference between the two.

"It pays to take the long view, and you've got to plan for the years after retirement, too.

"A career in a Fire, Accident and Marine Insurance Company offers you a good salary, a life filled with human interest, opportunities for invaluable service to your fellows, encouragement for initiative, facilities for study, security—and provision for retirement. Almost every top executive in insurance has risen from the ranks.

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Well—that was twelve months ago. To-day, Fred Bligh is our most promising junior.

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LIGHT-HEARTEDLY, Ned broke into his wife's worried little discourse. "Why worry?" he asked. "The kid's healthy and happy. Let it go at that, for the time being."

"But, dear, she's growing up, and there's so much competition—"

"There are years ahead before you have to start thinking of competition. She won't be an old maid, sweet. Couldn't happen to the daughter of such an attractive mother."

Ned's reassurance soothed Kath. She didn't even mind too much that evening when Noreen presented her emptied dinner plate with her usual businesslike request, "Another helping, please."

But on Monday, Kath's anxiety returned. She was running the vacuum cleaner round the lounge-room carpet when the doorbell rang. It was Brick, smiling in a very friendly manner.

"Hope I'm not disturbing you," he said. "My name is Webster."

He looked even nicer at close range—his red hair dishevelled, his blue eyes crinkled in a smile, clouds of freckles covering his nose and forehead. "If I might borrow your rake, I'd like to burn some of those tree branches I've trimmed."

She walked outside with him.

"Don't think we'll make a habit of borrowing," he went on as Kath got the rake out of the garage. "Just haven't had time to get some garden tools. Thanks so much. I'll return it in half an hour."

"No hurry. We won't need it today. Your name is—Brick, isn't it?"

"Nickname. How did you know?"

"My child happened to hear it this morning."

"Oh, is that your daughter, that little fa—"

He stopped, his face turning red. "I—uh—noticed her in the yard. She's—uh—quite pretty," he stammered on.

"Yes," Kath said gently. "Of course she's plump, but when she takes off some weight, she'll really be attractive."

"Oh, I think she is now." He was grinning again. "A little extra weight is all right when a girl is that age."

Yes, it's all right at that age,

It Matters More Than You Think

Continued from page 9

Kath thought. But if she doesn't take it off now, she'll still have it when she gets older—and she'll always be humiliated. People will call her "Patty." I won't have it! Then and there, Kath decided to do something about it.

That evening she told Ned her plan. He promised to back her up. Noreen didn't come home from sports practice until dinner-time. Kath heard her call out from the front hall.

"Hallo, family! Dinner ready? I'm starving!" But she went ahead grimly, preparing her daughter's dinner plate. One slice of cold lamb, two lettuce leaves, tomato, raw carrot—and two dry biscuits.

When she came to the table, Noreen's eyes sparkled. "Brick's out there burning rubbish," she announced. "Golly," she said dreamily, "I love the smell of a wood fire. Reminds me of barbecued steaks and baked potatoes—"

Ned sat with averted eyes. Kath became very busy serving him.

Noreen sat down. Then she noticed the plate set before her, and her round eyes stretched in their sockets. "What's this?"

"Your dinner, dear," Kath said evenly.

"These—dog biscuits—and stuff?"

Kath explained with outward calm. "We've decided it's time you took off a few pounds."

"Oh, no!" Noreen stared at her pitifully. "Not to-night. I wouldn't mind starting another time—next week maybe. But I hardly ate a thing to-day—only two sandwiches for lunch—with a little piece of cake."

"How about," Kath inquired cynically, "your refreshments after school?"

"Just a double malted milk—and nothing after sports. Unless you want to count a measly block of chocolate."

Ned spoke up, shouldering his share of the responsibility with obvious discomfort. "Noreen, we're doing this for your good. Some day you'll be glad—you decided to—to—" His voice trailed off as Noreen leaned back in her chair haughtily.

"You seem to forget that I'm a growing child—and I need nourishment. I'll lose my sweet disposition. And what's more, I'll—I'll get run-down, and be an easy prey to every disease that comes along—"

"Nonsense! Dr. Hall says there's absolutely no danger in this diet. Darling, we're not going to starve you. You'll just cut out starches, and between-meal eating. You can have all the fruit and milk you want—"

"Fruit!" Noreen said scornfully. "And if you'll stick to the diet and lose a few pounds, I'll tell you what! On your birthday, you may eat all you want—and we'll have a special dinner—"

"Oh, fine," Noreen said dully. "My birthday is only a month off."

BY the end of the week, Kath, watching her daughter closely, could detect no physical shrinkage. But there was something in the girl's expression and manner that worried Kath. Noreen seemed subdued. She must think I'm punishing her deliberately—and she doesn't deserve it!

So when Noreen came home, Kath suggested she have a glass of milk. "There's a—small piece of cake left, too," she added carelessly.

"No, thank you. I don't want it," Noreen stood near the doorway, as if anxious to escape.

"Noreen, what's the matter? Are you angry with me?"

The soft eyes swung around to meet Kath's. "I might as well tell you, Mother. Murder will out anyway. I feel terrible because—because I've been cheating on my diet all along—ever since Thursday. I had an ice-cream cone after school. On Friday I had two pieces of chocolate—with nuts."

She counted it out carefully. "I was pretty good Saturday and Sunday—but on Monday, I ate one of Eunice's peanut butter sandwiches—and to-day, a hamburger with onions—and an ice-cream soda." She

seemed agitated. "I know you'll never forgive me, but I got so hungry I just couldn't bear it—"

Kath felt only relief. "Of course I forgive you. I can understand how—"

"Mother," Noreen came closer, her face shining with adoration. "You're so wonderful! And I thought you'd be furious. Honestly, I won't cheat any more. I'll just starve myself—even if my tongue is hanging out—"

In the next days Kath was sure Noreen was sticking to her diet. It was evident she wasn't too happy about it. When Kath brought in the nightly dessert, Noreen sometimes stopped talking in the middle of a sentence and stared down at her plate. And there was some headway to show for her faithfulness.

Kath weighed Noreen on Thursday morning, but she couldn't enthuse. First, because Noreen seemed so unimpressed. "Only one pound? After all that. Golly, I thought I'd lost at least 10!" Second, because Kath knew now it had been foolish to put off shopping for a dance frock until the last minute in the hope that the girl might require a smaller size.

That afternoon they went shopping. Finally they decided on a straight pale blue dress with cap sleeves that did a good job of minimising Noreen's plump shoulders.

In the evening Kath said to Ned, "I'm awfully upset, dear. The party is to-morrow night—and I just know the child's heart is going to be broken—"

"I think you're exaggerating this," Ned said. "A 14-year-old girl has plenty of time for parties."

"You don't understand. A girl can get a serious complex from such a situation," Kath told him earnestly. "I've read about these things. The girl goes to her first dance, petrified for fear she won't be popular. Of course no one asks her to dance—and you have no idea what mental misery she suffers."

"Oh, she'll snap out of it eventually. It'll turn out all right," Ned said comfortingly.

Please turn to page 47



WHEN Noreen was dressed for the dance on Friday night, Kath inspected her. "You look lovely, dear." She tried to smile encouragingly.

Noreen stared glumly at her reflection in the mirror. "I suppose so."

She did look lovely in a boxy, stolid sort of way. Her face was pink and placid, surrounded by wavy dark hair tied with a band exactly matching her dress. Any boy, Kath's heart cried out, should be proud to dance with such a sweet, wonderful girl—a girl with so much goodness and kindness in her.

But she knew that the rules of popularity weren't based on goodness and kindness. Nobody loved a fat girl.

As the horn of the Goodwins' car blasted outside, Ned offered Noreen his arm and escorted her out, smiling with that famous, blind pride fathers usually display with their female offspring. Kath's voice quavered as she called, "Enjoy yourself, darling."

Eunice's family brought Noreen home about eleven o'clock. The girl came slowly into the living-room. She slipped off her fuzzy white coat. The blue band on her hair had shifted a bit so that she looked slightly rakish. That gave Kath a wild, happy hope. "How was it, dear?"

"I had a putrid time," Noreen announced, complacently. "Nobody danced with me."

She was smiling, with no trace of suppressed agony. But Kath knew she was only pretending. Beneath that untroubled expression there must be a desperate feeling of inadequacy. "It doesn't matter, Noreen—your first party. Next time—"

"And the food," Noreen went on, now looking a little pained, "was awful. Fancy sandwiches—and to snail! I couldn't very well go back for more than three or four—and they ran out of soft drinks and had to serve tea. What a party!"

She glanced uncertainly at her parents, then her dark eyes wandered via the window and the side wall to the carpet at her feet. "I

It Matters More Than You Think

Continued from page 46

suppose I'd better go to bed now. I'm pretty tired." She gave them a brief smile and went out.

Kath and Ned avoided each other's eyes. Then he said, "She—didn't seem too happy, did she?"

Kath shook her head.

It was hours later and Ned was fast asleep when Kath heard a faint whimpering, like the cry of a kitten. It was a barely audible sound—but her maternal antenna picked it up. Noreen!

Kath got out of bed cautiously and slipped her feet into slippers. As she approached Noreen's door, the sound grew louder. Kath's heart pounded fearfully and her hand, turning the knob, trembled.

The room was shadowy, pale light flickering through the half-open venetian blinds. The girl was hunched up under the bed-clothes, her face deep in the pillow, her shoulders heaving. Kath said, "Darling—darling, don't!"

"Oh—mother!" Her head twisted around to one side.

"Please don't mind so much, dear," Kath gently touched the exposed cheek. It was hot and wet. "You're going to have wonderful times when you grow up, you'll see. You'll look back on this some day and laugh. You'll say, 'Remember that first silly dance?'"

Noreen's sobbing had subsided somewhat. "Dance? Who cares—about the dance?"

"Then—what is it?"

The girl smiled. "I'm—hun—gry. I haven't had—a square meal—for days."

Kath pulled away abruptly. "Oh, all right, if you're so unhappy, go and have something to eat."

"Oh, mother—can I really?"

"Yes, yes. Go ahead and take anything you want."

The tears stopped. With a glad cry Noreen stretched her dressing-gown and huddled from the room.

Kath returned to her bed quietly so as not to disturb Ned. She listened to his rhythmic sleep-breathing, and watched the curtains welling from the open window.

Why, she wondered, did this have to happen to her? Other women

had normal daughters with normal emotional responses. Why must her child get emotional only about her calories?

The next day—Saturday—Noreen, well fortified with victuals, went off to a film matinee, leaving Kath with a heavy depression. She realised she'd fought a losing battle from the start. If Noreen herself had no desire to be slim and alluring, Kath must be resigned to having her a stout girl—then a stout woman.

We'll probably have to give a dowry, she thought, to get her married off. Listlessly she started dinner, returning to her former habit of preparing extra quantities of potatoes and dessert for Noreen. The child might as well enjoy life now. The future certainly looked bleak.

NED came home from golf early and sat in the lounge-room smoking while Kath set the table. Suddenly he called, "Come here a minute, sweet." He was standing by the window, looking out into the fading afternoon. "Isn't that our daughter approaching?"

Kath looked. Yes, that was the square bulk of Noreen—but it wasn't Eunice with her. Ned answered the doorbell's ring.

"Hello, family!" Noreen was glowing as she came in. She slipped off her coat, exposing the full expanse of her blue-and-red dress. The boy with her whipped off his cap and stood erect before him.

"This is Stanley Webster—he's Brick's young brother." The explanation was unnecessary. The young man's freckled face was topped with a crop of amazingly bright red hair. "He's at boarding school, but he'll be coming home for the week-ends now that his family are settled next door." She added proudly: "Stanley and I have been to the pictures."

Ned shook hands with Stanley gravely. "How do you do?"

"Hallo, sir. I know I should have asked your permission before going to the pictures with Noreen—but she was afraid we'd miss the cartoon."

Ned rose nobly to the occasion. "That was quite all right," he said. "Thank you, sir. Well, good-bye now. See you to-morrow, Noreen."

After the door closed, Kath stood stunned. Why, the boy seemed to like Noreen; he didn't mind that she was plump.

Ned said jovially, "Come on, girls. Let's have dinner."

As they went to the table, Noreen explained, "Eunice and I just started out when Brick came out and asked if Stanley could go with us. Stanley and I got along so well—Eunice got bored and went home with some other girls. Isn't he nice?"

"He seems a nice boy," Ned approved. "Oh, he is! So polite and everything." Noreen bubbled over. "And doesn't he look just like Brick? In the holidays could I go to the pictures with him at night? I'll be over 15 then."

"I think," Kath promised, feeling something heavy slip from her chest, "it will be all right."

"Thanks a million, mother," Noreen unfolded her napkin. Then her happy smile faded, her eyes on the plate Kath was heaping.

"Oh, mother—don't so much, please! No potatoes—and just one slice of meat. I've been thinking I'd better stay on my diet. So I'll go out to the kitchen and get some raw carrots and a few of those biscuits—"

Impulsively, Kath jumped up from her chair. "Ned, you wise old dog!" She went to throw her arms round him. "It has turned out all right—the way you said it would."

Ned smiled.

Noreen, near the doorway, stood watching them a moment. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Just look at them," she said with tolerant amusement. "My crazy parents!"

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"I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED

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exclaims Aunt Jenny

"WELL, THE CREDIT GOES TO VELVET"

smiles Mrs. K. Buckley of 62 Canary Road, Lakemba, N.S.W.

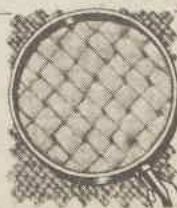
"I bought this blanket 19 years ago," Mrs. Buckley goes on, "and it's still as new-looking as ever. The white one you're holding is 12 years old—just a youngster" smiles Mrs. Buckley. "I've always washed my blankets in Velvet, Aunt Jenny, and I know both of these still have plenty of life in them yet, because of Velvet's gentle care."

"My grandson Robert is curious why you're interested in his towel, Aunt Jenny. It was originally my own children's 20 years ago. And believe it or not, those sheets behind you I bought for 8/5—over ten years ago! Velvet certainly looks after your things, doesn't it?"

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Askey leaves £1000 a week job to tour Australia

Comedian will appear in hit of war years—"The Love Racket"

From our London theatre correspondent

Topline British stage and screen comedian Arthur Askey has given up £1000 a week on a West End variety bill to go to Australia with his hit wartime musical show "The Love Racket."

Arthur, knee-high to a footstool and as bouncy as a rubber ball, will arrive on December 1 and open his Australian tour in Sydney on Boxing Day.

HIS tour will last six months. He is taking two other principals, Valerie Tandy—she's Britain's Betty Hutton, old boy—and Roy Royston—"Roy's led in dozens of musicals both in England and on Broadway."

"The Love Racket" ran for 16 months during the blitz on London.

I talked to Arthur on the hottest, clammiest evening this summer. He was dressed for it, more comically than I have ever seen him on stage.

He had on an old, make-up-stained dressing-gown, which was too small even for him; its neckline plunged alarmingly and it occasionally revealed his knobby knees. He paddled about his dressing-room in slippers fitting him about as snugly as Clementine's herring boxes without topsies.

And he blinked at me plaintively from behind enormous glasses while he mopped a perspiring and indignant brow.

"A thousand a week is a very tempting little sum," he said, "but I decided if I didn't make a break and go to Australia this year I'd never make it."

"Everybody who has toured Australia has been telling me I ought

to go. They've been bringing me back marvellous tales of the friendliness and hospitality.

"I already have a lot of links with the public through my records and films—all eight have been shown there—and also my wartime radio shows, 'Band Waggon' and 'Forever Arthur'."

"I still get quite a nice little lump of fan-mail from Australia. It's all made me want to go out there and get to know the people better."

"And, of course, I've got a yen to see faraway places with strange-sounding names. For instance, what on earth could a town like Wagga Wagga look like? I just have to find out!"

"Of course I know quite a lot of your boys already. When the Test team was last here, I was on a tour of the provinces which coincided almost exactly with theirs."

"I was in Manchester, Leeds, Leicester, Edinburgh, and several other places at the same time, as they were, often in the same hotel, sometimes at the same table. In fact Keith Miller asked me if I had fixed it that way."

"As a matter of fact, I hadn't, but it was a good idea. So this summer I picked my own tour. I'm a fanatic golfer, so I chose all the nicest seaside resorts which also had the best golf links. Result—packed houses and wonderful golf!"

"Ah, it's a good life once you get on top of it!"



DROPPED STITCH. Arthur Askey in trouble with his knitting, to the delight of famous impersonator Florence Desmond. Other members of Arthur's knitting bee are comics Brian Mitchell and Eddie Gray.

Arthur is taking his wife and daughter Anthea, also a budding variety performer, who has appeared in some of his shows; and, of course, his golf clubs.

Arthur leaned back and fanned himself with a newspaper. "There's another Australian, Max Oldaker, who's been frightening the life out of me about the heat."

"Do you think this is hot?" he asks. "Wait till you get to Australia," says he. "Wait till you get the skin burned off your back, and swelter in cities where the streets melt and where the beach sand scorches your feet every step you take."

Although the diminutive Arthur is happily aware that he has got on top of life with a thousand-pound-a-week earning power, this has hardly changed his home life at all, which remains—homey.

To-day he lives as simply as when he earned £10 a week, and filled in his evenings as a party entertainer.



ARTHUR ASKEY being chaired by American comedians Olsen (left) and Johnson at a reception during a recent visit to Britain.

"If the floor's not well scrubbed my wife will do it herself. That's my wife May, and that's the sort of home I've got." He has kept this homeliness in his comedy technique. For Askey, the homely touch has been the golden touch.

"I thought a long time," he said, "before deciding between my latest show, 'The Kid from Stratford,' and 'The Love Racket' for Australia. Finally 'The Love Racket' won," he said.

"One of the people who loved it was Vivien Leigh. She came along at least half-a-dozen times and sometimes brought Larry Olivier with her."

About Arthur's wife, May:

She is two inches shorter even than he. She spends all the money they have on their home, would sooner buy a new carpet than a new fur coat. And when she looks up at tiny Arthur Askey, he says, "She makes me feel a helluva big fellow, especially when I stand on tip-toe!"

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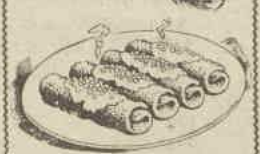
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purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B, for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran—effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

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All-Bran Pancakes

3 cup Kellogg's All-Bran, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups milk, 1 cup melted shortening.

Mix Kellogg's All-Bran with 1 cup milk. Sift flour, salt, sugar into bowl. Add beaten egg, All-Bran mixture, and gradually stir in remaining milk, mixing evenly. Set in melted shortening. Cook spoonful of the mixture on pre-heated greased griddle-iron or thick fry-pan until golden brown, turning each cake once. Serve at once with honey, maple syrup, fruit or hard sauce.

Remember! Your health depends on what you eat.



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"Jolie Matilda" waltzes in Paris

French version of bush ballad is mournful love song

From BETTY NESBIT in Paris

If you go into a night-club in Paris it's a ten-to-one chance that one of the artists will start singing a song that will make you look up from your supper.

"That's familiar," you'll think. "I know that tune." You'll listen to the words, and they're all about a girl called Matilda.

"EN valsant vous etiez si jolie, Quand vous dansiez Matilda pour moi."

"But that's 'Waltzing Matilda,'" you'll say.

Yes, you'll be quite right.

Australia's famous "Waltzing Matilda," the song of the swagman who stole a jumbuck, has become the song hit of France this year.

But in France, the home of love songs and romance, Matilda has been changed from a swagman's swag or "bluesy" into a lovely girl called Matilda who haunts her former sweetheart with memories of how gracefully, lightly, and gently she waltzed in his arms.

A young French composer, Francis Lemarque, one of the most successful writers of popular songs in France to-day, is responsible for this astonishing transition of Matilda.

When I went to see M. Lemarque he played "Matilda" on his guitar and sang it to me, the familiar refrain beating softly under the arrangement of his music.

"But where did you hear 'Waltzing Matilda?'" I wanted to know.

He smiled and put down his guitar.

"That's quite a story," he said. "My wife is responsible for my introduction to Matilda."

When she came to Paris three years ago after living most of her life in Alexandria, Egypt, I met her and we soon became affianced. She is a sculptor and was working on a model of my head.

"While I posed for her and while she worked she used to whistle or hum a tune."

"This tune fascinated me. It had such a lilt, such a swing, and yet such a sadness in it. I asked her what it was called, but she didn't know."

"She told me, 'Oh, that's a song the Australians used to sing when they were in the Middle East during the war. Whenever you saw any Australians together they were sure to start singing the song sooner or later.'"

"I went to the French Society of Authors and they made some investigations and found out that it was 'Waltzing Matilda.'"

"I found the name of the Australian firm who had published it, wrote to them for permission to arrange the music and write new words. I received all this, and the song 'Matilda' was published in 1948."

"I loved 'Matilda' so much it took me only a week to do the arrangement and rewrite the words. It just seemed to come to me easily. Another of my songs, 'A Paris,' took me a whole year's work."

"After I had rewritten the words I received a copy of the Australian ones, but I couldn't understand them and couldn't find anyone to translate them exactly. The words 'billabong,' 'billy,' 'squatter,' were in my dictionary."

"Also, 'Matilda' had to be a love song, because the French like sad



SONGWRITER Francis Lemarque sings "Matilda" to youthful audience in Montmartre.

songs all about love sung slowly and softly. Your 'Matilda' is a march."

I explained to M. Lemarque that it was a coincidence that he made a ghost of "Matilda" when the real song does end with the ghostly voice of the swagman singing softly and slowly from the billabong where he drowned himself.

Here are the words M. Lemarque has written for the "new-look" Matilda:

"The wind of the past
Murmurs to me the story that it
ended,
Awaking my faded love,
Waltz of memories,
Memory of forgotten desires,
When you dance, Matilda, for me,
Waltz Matilda, waltz Matilda,
Charming phantom of my happy
days,
Perfumed whirlwind,
You were so beautiful when you
waltzed,
When you danced, Matilda, for me."

"Matilda" has also been a best-selling gramophone record. France's most popular singer, the handsome, youthful Yves Montand, made a record of it early this year.

SHEET MUSIC of the French version of the Australian folk-song, presenting "Matilda" as a slim girl.

One review said: "We must applaud M. Montand for his new recording. 'Matilda' is a little wonder. It is an Australian song written with a knowing simplicity which holds the folklore spirit. Francis Lemarque has adapted it with great taste. One can imagine the burning plain, the dust, and the quivering eucalyptus in the evening."

Francis sang "Matilda" for the first time at a well-known night-club, La Rose Rouge, on the left bank, where wealthy French and serious existentialists applauded it.

In "A Paris" he sings of all the loveliness of Paris.

Perhaps his most popular song after "Matilda" is "The Hungry Killer," which he wrote for Maurice Chevalier.

Chevalier sang this song in a revue in the Theatre of the Champs Elysees in 1948, his first appearance in Paris for many years.

The song is about a gangster who was always so busy killing off people that he never had time to sit down and eat a square meal. One verse ends: "Before going to eat he had to kill a bloke. What a profession!"

Australians in Paris who want to hear "Matilda" sung by its Parisian arranger will have to go to the club, College Inn, in Rue Vavin, at Montmartre, where Francis sings it every night.

Yes, "Matilda" has come a long way from "the shade of a coolibah tree."



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 I thank you sincerely."

This human document shows the good that Menthoids can do—and that you can recommend this famous treatment to those of your friends who suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, etc

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Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

Here are several more reports on the Menthoid treatment:



A country woman writes:
 "... I feel I owe Menthoids a debt of gratitude for the relief I have obtained, and will surely advise others to try them. The price is within the reach of all. My neuritis is also much improved and I have as far lost the very bad backaches I used to get."



This overseas visitor writes:
 "I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months. I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."



From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:
 "Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly. I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Menthoids, and he bought some Menthoids coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away, till now I am quite free of it. I am one person who is very grateful for Menthoids. I still take Menthoids, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

If you or your friends suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, the Menthoid Treatment will help you, too.

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Menthoids act quickly and progressively, reducing the level of poisonous toxins in your body, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



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Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:
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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by **KARA AND KARON:** Who are twin brother and sister. As Mandrake, Narda, and Lothar walk through the streets, Prince Karon

and Princess Kara approach, guards clear the way with whips. Mandrake blocks their way, and the Princess orders him to be executed. A chopping-block is set up, the headsman raises his axe. By magic, Mandrake makes the headsman see not one head, but four. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE GESTURES AGAIN--BACK TO NORMAL NOW--BUT SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN TO THE AXE. "MORE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE?" ASKS THE MAGICIAN, WITH A SMILE.



"YOUR EXECUTIONER DOESN'T FEEL LIKE WORKING TODAY," SAYS MANDRAKE. "NARDA RUNS TO THE PRINCE AND SLAPS HIM SOUNDLY. "YOU NASTY, HORRIBLE MAN," SHE SHOUTS.



INSTEAD OF THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION FROM THE HEADSTRONG RULERS, THEY SUDDENLY SMILE AND ORDER THEIR SEDAN CHAIR BACK TO THE PALACE. MANDRAKE AND NARDA ARE PERPLEXED--



SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED, AND THE BROTHER AND SISTER ALWAYS GET WHAT THEY WANT.



KARA AND KARON, TWIN RULERS OF KARANA. BY LAW, IF ONE OF THEM MARRIES, THE OTHER ONE MUST GIVE UP THE THRONE, AND GO INTO EXILE....



NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BOTH HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE. KARA WITH MANDRAKE--KARON WITH NARDA. EACH SUSPECTS THE OTHER OF BEING IN LOVE...



--AND KNOWING THE LAW, EACH IS DETERMINED TO MARRY FIRST. "BRING MANDRAKE HERE AT ONCE," KARA WHISPERS TO HER SERVANT.



THEN, IN A RESTAURANT WHERE IT IS KNOWN MANDRAKE AND NARDA WILL VISIT--"SERVE THE COFFEE TO THEM IN THESE CUPS, BY ORDER OF THE PRINCE," COMMANDS THE AIDE.

TO BE CONTINUED



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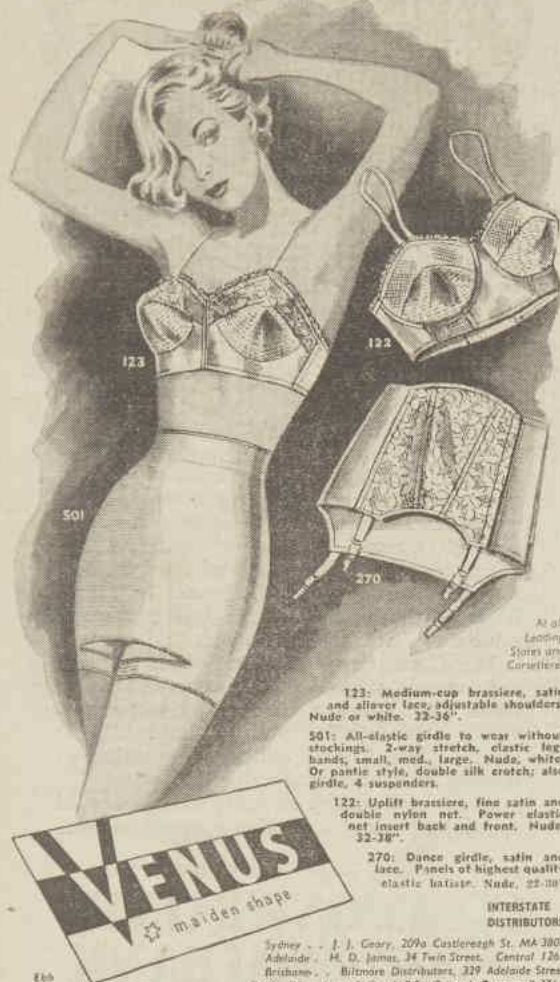
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Name that is sweet music in box office

From MARY ST. CLAIRE,
of our London office

Though Googie Withers stoutly refuses to change her light comedy-sounding name—she has been playing everything up to heavy tragedy—it is making wondrous sweet box-office music wherever she goes.

This story is frankly in praise of Googie, wife of our star from Australia, John McCallum.

GOOGIE is one of those girls everyone is unanimous about—unanimously nice. This is rare in a sometimes jealous and competitive profession.

The name Googie was given to Miss Withers by her Indian nurse. She was born in Karachi. In Punjabi it means dove, in Bengali clown.

Take your choice . . . Googie can play either.

People invariably refer to Mr. and Mrs. McCallum together—Googie-and-John—till it has almost become one name.

Well, Googie-and-John have just bought a lovely Georgian house in Regent's Park, are busy renovating it and stocking it with booty from antique shops.

They are delighted with their find, which is as spacious as heaven itself after their tiny flat in Portland Place.

On the wall of the lounge-room is a picture of Romney Marshes, bought from an exhibition of film art put on by Ealing's art director John Wood. Here is a piece of Googie's sentimentality, for this was where she and John first met while filming "The Loves of Joanna Godden."

There's a top-floor studio in the house, too, which Googie aims to furnish as a nursery "if a family arrives."

In the garage are two cars, a Bentley and a Hillman Minx.

The small car is an addition, but she has had it long enough to have been fined at Bow Street for "obstructing" outside a West End theatre.

House proud

I LUNCHEONED with Googie at Shepperton, where she is starring in "Night and the City" with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney. She was throwing up her hands in dismay at the perfidy of decorators.

"I ask you! The first day mine called I said: 'Now—can I get you a nice cup of tea?' He didn't mind if I did. He helped himself to a lot of lovely little cakes, we had a long chat, and I thought I was working him round nicely to the idea of getting on with redecorating the house without any more of the delays that we'd been having."

Finally, he got up very reluctantly, admired my new lamp brackets, brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat, and mumbled, "Got to be going now, I suppose. I'll be round maybe next week—if I can manage it. So long, Missus!"

As soon as the McCallums got their new place a bit straight, despite delays, Googie house-warmed it with a party for the newly arrived—and very lonely—Gene Tierney, with whom she will do battle for the feminine honors in "Night and the City."

Half of filmdom came—Googie Withers is popular from Denham to Sound City.

Soft-voiced, utterly without affectation, she is wonderfully good company, and more than something of a



PEOPLE invariably refer to Googie Withers and her Australian husband, John McCallum, as "Googie-and-John" until it has almost become one name. In "Traveller's Joy," they play a divorced couple who meet unexpectedly at a Stockholm hotel, when both are financially embarrassed through currency restrictions.

humorist. She has a faculty for picking the funny side of a situation and illuminating it with a touch of wit.

Her newest role—possibly the most spectacular, certainly the most exacting—is of a night-club queen in Solo, married to that sinister mountain of flesh, Francis L. Sullivan, night-club boss. She is in love with Richard Widmark, less sinister and more pathetic this time as a night-club tout with big ideas.

The afternoon I spent watching from the edge of the set was devoted to one of the most taut and dramatic sequences of the film.

The room in which it was played was illuminated with eerie, low lighting. In the corner an old crane was perched on top of a safe with a cash-box in her hands.

Every now and then she swigged out of a whisky bottle. Francis L. Sullivan, back to camera, sat launched over a table, apparently reading.

The cameras rolled: Up the creaking stairs and into the room came Googie. She dropped a suitcase at the door. After a silence, she began pleading with Sullivan, her husband, to take her back. His vast back remained hunched and unmoving.

Googie's voice rose, trembly and begging. Not a move from the chair, from that unforgiving back. In desperation she wrenched at the swivel chair and turned him round. Horrified silence! Slowly, his face hideously lit from beneath, Francis L. Sullivan toppled out and crashed mightily to the floor.

"Nice work, eh?" said Richard Widmark, watching next to me.

If not a pretty scene, it was prettily done. But they had to do it eight times more before the director, Jules Dassin, who made "Naked City," was satisfied.

Eight times Francis L. Sullivan was whirled round in his chair and emptied, head first and with a crash like a demolished wall, on to the floor.

Each time he picked his twenty stone up heavily, submitted with docility to a dusting-down, while

onlookers goggled, looking for bruises and broken bones, then sat himself down again to await the next "take" with an air of lofty boredom.

It is tiring work for Googie, too. "My friends probably think I'm most unfriendly these days," she said. "But I get up just after 5 a.m."

"From 7.30, right through until 6.15 in the evening, I'm rehearsing and acting what is easily the most concentrated and exhausting role I've ever had. When I get back to Regent's Park at night I'm all in—too tired even to answer letters or phone calls."

One film yearly

IT'S different, of course, if she's expecting a call from John.

He is touring the provinces in the play "Western Wind," before opening with it in the West End, and hitting up a nice score in long-distance phone bills from Newcastle, Liverpool, and points north.

Though they like the idea of playing opposite each other occasionally in films, Googie approves of it as long as it remains—occasionally.

"Otherwise," she says, "it's narrowing for both of us."

Her reward for a career based on hard work and great courage—for a long time she was typed as a dumb blonde in bit parts—is one of those that come only to stars in the top line.

She is with the Rank Organisation and stipulates only one picture a year, based on a suitable script. For the rest of the time she is free to do as she wishes.

The next Googie-and-John film to appear will be a comedy, "Traveller's Joy," full of the hilarious difficulties a British family get into on their tiny exchange allowance abroad.

And though they are wisely avoiding the pitfall of a permanent screen partnership, their marriage is one of those marriages in filmdom that seems built to last.

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Dr. H. V. Evatt, as President of the United Nations Assembly, addresses delegates.

Dr. Evatt has been referred to as "the conscience of the nations," and, largely as a result of his work at the United Nations, Australia to-day stands high in the councils of the world and is a potent factor in holding world peace. "The problem facing the world," says Dr. Evatt, "is not to eliminate the atom bomb, but to eliminate war. War is the real enemy of mankind."

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Feminine filmgoers keep Hitchcock guessing

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Acclaimed as the "Master of Suspense," tubby, genial little Alfred Hitchcock, whose ideas in hair-raising keep us gripping the edge of our cinema seats, is himself pursued by a big bad bogey.

He confesses it quite freely . . . it's his feminine public.

SPECTRAL visions haunt him whenever he orders the cameras to roll. It is that way on "Stage Fright," where he is putting Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, and Richard Todd through their paces in another shadowy murder mystery.

Hitchcock explained the bogey, leaning his stout but active frame against a car just used in a great scene.

"Why do you think Marlene Dietrich is wearing a dozen Christian Dior creations in this picture?" he asked. "Why, for the women!"

"Why do you think I have just had to do forty-five 'retakes' of scenes I had thought were all right in this film? Women again!"

"They are fiends for detail. The men sit back and follow the action and story. The women not only do that, but their eyes take in every little detail of a scene, hypercritically."

"They are pleased if the star is beautifully dressed. They observe her hair-do closely. Their entertainment doesn't come only from the story and the acting; it comes from the thousand details of dress and manner of the players."

"And don't believe these things are not important considerations. After all, it's the women who decide the film you'll go to see. They are the ones whose judgment, passed on to all their women friends, means the success or failure of films and film-stars."

He appealed to me. "Now, come, when you ask a girl to go to the pictures, don't you say to her, 'Well, which one do YOU want to see?'"

He rather had me there. Even now, "Hitch" can't help drawing. He pulls out a pencil as he talks to you and doodles on a tablecloth or a pad, filling in figures, realising the visual images of his work with one half of his mind, while he applies the other half with quite lively attention to conversation.

Some of the reason for this habit goes back to his early film days, when he was writing and ornamenting subtitles for silent pictures. He used to announce "Came the dawn" in black letters on a white ground, or advise us that "Heart spoke to heart in the hush of the evening" in a neat white script against a dark background.

"Hitch" to friends

TO his friends it is unthinkable to call him anything else but "Hitch." He is a surprise to all strangers, who expect to find him walled about with the gruff indifference to them and preoccupation with his work which often mark the artist.

Some use the word genius with "Hitch" without believing they overstate it. He is intensely human, a mellow mountain, fiftyish, fond of good living, with a passion for music, full of human gentleness off the set, often full of human temperament on it.

Young actors and newcomers rather fear him. But he has done more kindly turns to out-of-work players, studio typists, secretaries, and plain ordinary spongers than any other bigshot in the business.

He has built this reputation of sometimes being a fiend on the set because he is the enemy of conceit.



SCRIPT CONFERENCE takes place on the set of "Stage Fright" between "Hitch," a studio assistant, an intent Marlene Dietrich, and a still-dazed Hector McGregor, collared from an obscure repertory company and launched by Hitchcock into a feature part in the film.

He can knock it out of the most obviously complacent leading man with one sentence full of dry, frightening irony.

At the edge of the set when I called, Jane Wyman was puffing furiously at a cigarette. She had just been going through some of the trickiest scenes of the film, and her nerves were a little on edge. Jane has been working too hard.

"I've been in four pictures one after another without a break," she said. "And I've been on every page of script in every one of them. The day after I finish here I get on a boat, get a few days' rest at sea, and then as soon as I land I go straight into another film with Kirk Douglas called 'The Glass Menagerie,' which will keep me busy till the New Year."

"After that I'm going to take a holiday—a long one. I'd like to take twelve months."

"I'm spending too much time in film studios. To keep my touch I like to be out and about meeting people."

Last week Hitchcock drove down to Windsor to see the local repertory company there in the play "Rebecca," which he filmed several years back. He wanted to see the second act and the performance of a young actor as Maxim de Winter. After he had sat through the act he went round backstage and introduced himself to Hector McGregor, who played the part. "Come to Elstree Studios on Monday," he said briefly.

Hector turned up, wondering what it was all about. "Hitch" signed him to play the part of stage manager to Marlene Dietrich in "Stage Fright."

He is still dazed. This is typical Hitchcock. These days he goes straight to the point, without wasting any words at all. The same style is apparent in his pictures. "No fancy tricks in my films any more—every effect as inconspicuous as possible," he says. "I like my screen well filled, every

corner used, but now all I'm really concerned with is getting the characters developed and the story clearly told without wasting a foot of film.

"A film must be simple and not too long. And it mustn't be high-brow. The public—which means the women—go to films for escape and relaxation, not for intellectual exercise."

Well under average height, "Hitch" now weighs between 14 and 15 stone, and still looks, as one friend cracked, "like a telephone booth in a blue serge suit."

But to get down even to these generous dimensions from a mammoth 20 stone, which was his weight when he first went to Hollywood, he has had to diet. Says "Hitch": "The secret is self-denial. I've given up starches and drinks, and I select my food carefully."

"I can tell you the exact caloric content of every meal I eat."

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"Lovely skin will always cast its own enchanting spell. Care for yours as I do—use Lux Toilet Soap regularly"

says

Glynis Johns

starring in the J. Arthur Rank film "Miranda"

Enchanting Glynis Johns is another star who guards the flower-like beauty of her complexion with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. See what her beauty facials will do for you. Work Lux Toilet Soap's fragrant lather in gently but thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then pat gently to dry with a soft towel. Your skin is softer—has that exciting film star look!

Facts about Glynis Johns

Hair: Light brown
Eyes: Blue grey
Complexion: Creamy fair
Hobbies: Dancing, collecting antique jewellery
Birthday: October 5
Beauty care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap



The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars



FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Millionairess LOLA LEEDS falls in love with Larry, and gives him a car. He accepts it, but hands it over to a poor hitch-hiker. With some plan in the back of her mind, Lola rings Hollywood and asks to speak to Sam Hill, who is in charge of N.G. studios.



As I Read The STARS by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid sudden or unwise changes on November 10. Choose November 11 to 15 for matters needing permanence and security, especially to do with finance, investments, contracts, shares, and securities.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Your adverse day is November 10, avoid differences of opinion. November 11 to 14 are helpful in your dealings with others, either in the domestic sphere or the commercial. Your luckiest day is November 15.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): The days from November 10 to 14 are rather helpful for recognition and advancement. You will find yourself more than usually discreet and wise in your planning.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your best days are November 11, 14, and 15, and your adverse November 10, 12, and 13. Be careful of a heart disappointment or money loss on unlucky days, but hope for achievement of your most cherished wish. It could come true very soon.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): One of your best weeks for consolidating your affairs, especially from November 11 to 14. Extra responsibility could result in an uplift in your social, domestic, and financial affairs. November 15 is also good.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Progress this week could be the result of a steeper and more persevering attitude, helping business as well as personal plans. November 10 and 13 adverse, November 11 and 14 good for mental activity.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): November 10 brings danger of loss, separation, or estrangements. November 11 to 14 are helpful days for financial negotiations. November 15 is your most successful day.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A splendid week to drive for practical goals. Your best dates are November 11, 14, and especially 15. Put personal aims and objectives into action. Go warily on November 10.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Much quiet planning can be accomplished this week, with good results to be felt later. Concentrate on November 11 and 14. November 10 and 12 are slightly adverse for money projects.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Friendships promise some gain from November 11 and an old wish could be fulfilled. November 14 should prove advantageous, but don't give way to impulse on November 10 and 12.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Some uplift and recognition could make your position more secure from November 11, but you must be very careful on November 10 to avoid mishaps. November 14 and 15 are likely to start some big changes.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): November 9 and 10 could prove frustrating, but November 11 and 14 should help you achieve long-wished-for plans. Your strength of mind is a large factor in your success, so push ahead with confidence.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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HERE is Christina Sinatra, baby daughter of the singing star, making one of her first appearances before a camera. Shown with Frank Sinatra, currently completing a new film for M.G.M., is his attractive wife, Nancy, and their two older children, Nancy Sandra and Frank, jun.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ House of Strangers

THE Fox film "House of Strangers" is a story of hate, distrust, and conflict among five members of a family—the father and his four sons.

The story, told in flashbacks, is about a migrant Italian who makes good in America and becomes a bank owner in the slums of New York. He has four sons, who, with the exception of Max, the youngest (Richard Conte), despise their domineering father but lack the courage to break away from him.

Sentenced to a gaol term for trying to bribe a juror, when his father is caught in shady dealings, and thrown to the wolves by the three disgruntled brothers, Max emerges from prison to find his father dead and the bank in the hands of his brothers.

Fearing his vengeance, they plan to kill Max, but they are frustrated because he has no bitterness towards them.

Outstanding characters are Edward G. Robinson and Richard Conte. Luther Adler, who plays the part of Joe, the eldest brother, is also noteworthy.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

★★ The Passionate Friends

CINEGUILD'S ace production-direction team, Ronald Neame and David Lean, responsible for "Great Expectations" and "Oliver Twist," have brought H. G. Wells' story "The Passionate Friends" to the screen with a rare mixture of delicacy and strength.

Lean, who has since married Ann Todd, has directed his three stars, Todd, Claude Rains, and Trevor Howard, with sympathy and insight in a story that in less talented hands might have sunk to the level of just another romantic triangle.

In love with scientist Trevor Howard, Ann Todd marries the much older banker Rains for security and position. The marriage proves successful enough until chance brings the two younger people together again.

From that moment the conflict mounts, the film and the performances of the three principals tautening and reaching a high pitch of controlled intensity.

Rains' acting as the watchful, strong-willed husband dominates the film. Both Howard and Todd turn in first-rate performances within the limits of their special personalities. Those who have found Ann Todd cold before will do so again. Those who find pleasure in her curious balance of the ethereal and stern will like her performance.

Background music has been supplied by Richard Addinsell, composer of the Warsaw Concerto. The photography throughout is delicate and beautiful. Ann Todd has been provided with an enchanting wardrobe, and the interiors are a credit to the taste of the Neame-Lean team.—A.B.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

★★ Wake Of The Red Witch

JOHN WAYNE puts away boots and saddle to portray a two-fisted seafaring character with an insatiable yen for gold in Republic's adventure yarn of the Pacific.

"Wake of the Red Witch" is a highly colored offering that is enjoyable if you can manage to leave most of your critical faculties at home. There is plenty of action in the story of ruthless jealousy and greed.

As Captain Ralls, Wayne looks a typical he-man, and reveals an impressive torso in several shirtless scenes.

He is never a heroic figure.

He carries on a Pacific-wide feud with wealthy trader and shipowner Sidney, played smoothly by Luther Adler. Flashbacks show the two men clashing over a hoard of pearls, a woman, and a bullion shipment in the hold of the Red Witch, which Ralls scuttles in a handy spot for future diving operations.

The fortunes of the rivals see-saw. At some stages of the story Ralls has the pearls, the lady, and a good deal of the gold.

Gail Russell plays Angelique, the girl loved by both men. Due either to darker make-up or imperfect lighting in a number of scenes, her brunette beauty does not show to advantage.

Blonde Adele Mara and Gig Young play the minor romantic team adequately.

In Sydney—the State.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ Sleeping Car To Trieste

THIS Two Cities film is another one of those comedy-melodramas enacted on a transcontinental train where-in several episodes ranging from dramatic to amusing develop and merge temporarily during the journey.

The action commences on a tense note, produced by the burgling of an ambassadorial safe and the removal of an incriminating diary. A staff member is shot during this second-story job, so the perpetrator is wanted for murder as well as theft when the sleeping-car leaves the station.

Once aboard the train, the introduction of characters and situations interrupts the continuity to some extent, but tension is fairly well sustained throughout.

Albert Lieven is the "meanie" of the piece, and Jean Kent the handsome adventuress, who is not entirely without scruples.

Rona Anderson and Derrick De Marney are a romantic couple who become involved, embarrassingly, in a side plot. A relative newcomer to the films, De Marney is pleasant to look at and listen to.

Among supporting characters David Tomlinson is very good as the life of the party.

In Sydney—the Embassy.

The Noose Hangs High

ONLY difference between Eagle-Lion's release "The Noose Hangs High" and past Abbott and Costello films is that the stooge Costello is allowed to triumph once or twice over the cunning Abbott.

Otherwise the film follows the usual pattern of traditional slapstick, with Costello as a window-cleaner, forgetting to fasten his safety-belt while he performs hair-raising antics on a skyscraper window-ledge.

The story, which revolves round the dilemma of the pair when they lose 50,000 dollars belonging to a sadistic gangster, is saved from complete mediocrity by some smart dialogue and the well-tried humor of Leon Errol.—G.O.S.

In Sydney—the Victory.



DE LUXE SUITES, of which there are two in the ship, consist of a bedroom, sitting-room, verandah, bathroom, and vestibule. There are casement windows instead of portholes. Panelling of light-colored wood. Fabrics are gay, and thick pile carpet covers floor.



LIBRARY and writing-room is comfortable and gay with its pillarbox-red, fawn, and cream fabrics and carpet. There are books to suit all tastes, including a wide range of reference books. In public rooms bracket and standard lamps provide indirect lighting



DINING-ROOM seats 389 passengers, and is air-conditioned. The sycamore chairs are covered with blue waterproof hide, and the walls are beautifully panelled with contrasting woods.



LOUNGE - ROOM, although 80 feet long and 68 feet wide, with a ceiling 12 feet high, is so well - proportioned that there is a feeling of intimacy rather than immense space. Painting of the Himalaya Mountains is flanked by carved panels showing Australian birds and animals.

"The liner she's a lady"

The Himalaya is latest addition to the P. & O. Company's fine fleet

THESE pictures show part of the first-class accommodation in the 28,000-ton Himalaya, which, like the P. & O. "Strath" ships, is all white with a buff funnel. She is on the England-Australia run, and carries 760 first-class passengers, and 410 tourist-class. There are eight continuous decks, seven of them providing passenger and crew accommodation. Provision has been made for children in a lavish playroom with a paddling pool and sand pit and a magnificent old-fashioned carrousel-type rocking horse.



SMALL LOUNGE is called the Australia Room, and is panelled in Queensland maple, maple burr, and eucalyptus. There are three original paintings by Melbourne artist John Loxton. Annan Fabrics, of Sydney, designed the material for this room, and the pattern is a stylised monstera deliciosa leaf.

THURSDAY

Decision
shopping for
Mary's wedding

*Joan and Peter
to dinner*

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1 HONEST gambler Charley Kyng (Clark Gable) tells his wife Lon (Alexis Smith) they are going on holiday. She is delighted because she sees so little of him, not knowing that he is under medical orders.



2 PLEASURE is marred by son Paul (Darryl Hickman) refusing to accompany them. He hates Charley's reputation as gambler and quarrels with his father in expressing views.

DRAMA OF CASINO ...



"ANY Number Can Play" is the story of the gaming tables in a fashionable casino owned by rugged, reckless, and straight - shooting Charley Kyng (Clark Gable), and the growing conflict within the man over his son's disapproval of his means of livelihood.

The entire action in this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release takes place within a seven-hour time span.

Alexis Smith is Gable's new leading lady, and supporting cast includes Audrey Totter, Barry Sullivan, character actors Lewis Stone and the late Frank Morgan, juvenile Darryl Hickman as Gable's son, Leon Ames, Mary Astor, and Marjorie Rambeau.

Wendell Corey was borrowed by the studio for the role of Robbie, the weakling.



3 UPSET by Paul, Lon will not go. Lon's sister Alice (Audrey Totter) sides with Charley, who returns angrily to casino.

4 JEALOUS husband, Robbie (Wendell Corey), employed in Charley's casino, fights with Alice about gambling debts.



5 WINNING sequence by wealthy oilman Jim Kurstyn (Frank Morgan) forces Charley to close the game or call on his last reserves; he does latter, and with everything at stake wins the final dice roll.



6 CHEATED by Robbie, thugs hold up casino. Charley stands his ground, backed by admirer Sarah Calbern (Marjorie Rambeau), other good clients, and his co-workers.



7 BROUGHT to casino by his mother for reconciliation, Paul makes father proud by tackling one thug and pummeling him heartily. Realisation that people regard Charley highly develops new respect in him for his parent.



8 LOYAL employees win casino on turn of a card although in reality Charley draws higher card from deck. Charley, Lon, and Paul leave to start a new life.



Shrug off your troubles and join in the fun! There's something fascinating round every corner . . . like Tootal's enchanting fabrics—so gay, so colourful, that just to look at them puts you on top of the world . . .

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And for the younger set there's a whole range of pretty prints and plains as lively and gay as childhood itself. All Tootal fabrics launder superbly—many are marked 'Tebilized' for tested crease-resistance.

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Novel leaf decoration



PICTURESQUE DECORATION for a girl's room is this tracery of leaves on the plain wood top of a kidney-shaped dressing-table.

IN England a craze has developed for pressed leaves as decoration in pictures, for occasional tables, and for dressing-table tops.

The picture above of a glass-topped dressing-table shows one way of using the leaves, which are kept in place by plate-glass.

A simple design stuck with rubber solution to a pastel-colored background and framed makes a beautiful wall panel.

Or, if you've a small occasional table, with glass top cut, use your leaves under it. If the wood is dark, cut a sheet of pastel-colored paper to fit the table top, and make a light backing for the leaves.

Press the leaves carefully as soon as you've picked them, putting them between the pages of a thick, heavy book — encyclopaedias are good pressers.

Carry leaves between sheets of blotting paper, and press for at least a month before you use them.



IF the bone handles of table knives become discolored, rub with hydrogen peroxide and wash them in warm (not hot) soapy water to restore their whiteness. Never immerse the handles in hot water when washing-up as this loosens them.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

STAINS can be removed from decanters and similar glassware by half-filling the utensil with water and pouring in grains of rice or split peas. After the rice or peas have swollen, shake well. Empty, wash in warm, soapy water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, then rinse with cold water and turn upside down to drain.

YOU will find it easier to separate two halves of a sponge cake if you use two forks instead of a knife. Starting at the top, work down and gently pull the cake apart.

TRY rubbing tiled bathroom walls with olive oil applied on a clean, soft rag. This will keep the tiles glossy in spite of a steamy atmosphere.

TO save marking a polished floor when moving heavy furniture, slip dusters underneath the legs and it will slide easily.

A LARGE tub or basin of water placed in a newly-painted room overnight will absorb the smell of the paint.

WHEN mending socks or stockings, darn diagonally instead of straight up and down, or across, as the threads will not pull against each other.

VASE marks on a polished table can be removed by rubbing with a soft cloth dampened with a little linseed or olive oil.



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If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop! Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 82% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity. Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers. Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.



GENERAL VIEW of an excellent small backyard vegetable plot. Practically everything can be grown in such a nice sunny area, and the fences can be made to yield their quota of beans, chokos, various types of berries, and passion vines.

Your vegetables

VEGETABLES of good quality can be grown in the smallest home garden, provided the space is open and sunny, and the soil reasonably fertile.

At this time of the year practically everything of a vegetable nature, with the possible exception of cauliflower and a few others that require cool conditions, can be grown.

Tomatoes are a must line in the home garden. If given regular sprayings of water-soluble DDT to control thrips, tomato bugs and grubs of many kinds that attack the leaves and fruits, the tomato will yield generous crops in soil of moderate fertility. The best backyard varieties for present sowing or planting out include Chalk's Early Jewel, Earliana, Break O' Day, Bonny Best, Marmande de Rouge, and Grosse Lisse.

If the soil is very sandy, add plenty of well-rotted cow manure and compost and dig it in to a fair depth. Tomatoes are thirsty plants, and require good drainage and a deep, cool run for their rather long and wandering roots. If the soil is heavy and inclined to cake badly when dry, add some sand and plenty of rotted fibrous material, including old straw horse manure.

Give them space for growth

SET the plants out 2ft. apart, in rows 2ft. 6in. apart, and stake and tie them up. Stem-prune the plants as soon as they start to throw out plenty of laterals. This means pinching out all the side shoots, except the growing point, to force the plant to grow tall. Tie up at intervals as they "climb" the stake. Any flower bunches that appear on the stems should be left to mature fruit. They will provide the earliest tomatoes.

Lettuces and beets, and their fellow salad makers the cucumbers, should also be sown without delay. Lettuces require the very richest of soil or they grow slowly and become tough and bitter. Set them out about 9 or 10in. apart in soil that has been trenched and manured to a depth of six inches. Water several times a day, if you can, and they will grow quickly and become crisp and tasty. When the central leaves turn inwards, give the plants a pint of weak sulphate of ammonia each week—at a strength not exceeding one ounce to two gallons of water.

Beets should also be grown quickly or they become



CLIMBING BEANS yield consistently and long if given a position facing the sun and ample water. Even in a spot kissed only by the morning sun they will crop moderately well over a long period if regularly watered and nourished with fertiliser.

woody and inedible. Old cabbage or cauliflower ground suits them admirably. Carrots and parsnips can also be sown this month and should be thinned out early when big enough to handle. French beans, both dwarf and climbing types, are also important crops for this month's sowing.

Manure the ground well, and to a fair depth, firm well and sow the beans in a trench about four inches deep. Cover with an inch of soil and lime the surface, or apply superphosphate after covering, and water in well. The best dwarf beans are Tweed, Hawkesbury, and Canadian Wonders, Brown Beauty, Improved Feltham's Prolific, and Green Stringless. The best climbers are Epicure, General MacKay, and Kentucky Wonder. A good climbing butter bean is Maurice Blackburn.

Other vegetables that can be sown now are sugar-loaf cabbage, silver beet, lima beans, cape gooseberry, capsicums, melons, rock melons, egg plants, sweet corn, marrows, squashes, pumpkins, radishes, and sweet potatoes.—Our Home Gardener.

for Young Men with busy feet

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GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, SAFE, RELIABLE

More sleep for baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

UNDISTURBED, restful sleep aids growth, as most of the building and repair work of the body is done then.

When the rapid growth of infancy and childhood is taking place, good, sound sleep is essential. Adults and old people do not need so much rest.

Sound sleep is essential, too, for good nutrition in young things, and a healthy, properly fed infant should never cause its parents to have disturbed nights.

Many mothers can say at the end of baby's first year that they have not had one disturbed night, but many others cannot.

Here are some of the reasons for this:

- (1) Failure to establish good sleeping habits in the very first days of your baby's life.
- (2) Overfeeding or underfeeding.
- (3) Wrong methods of feeding.
- (4) Too much or too little clothing, and perhaps an uncomfortable or cramped position, as when a pram is used for a bed for baby.
- (5) Over-stimulation.
- (6) Physical causes such as blocked nasal-passages, teething etc.

A leaflet giving the more common causes of disturbed sleep can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.



ANTHONY, nine-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Quigg, of Randwick, N.S.W., sleeps soundly at night. His mother attended The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau's pre-natal lectures.



Dress your lips for holiday with

Wherever you plan to spend that thrilling vacation . . . take Michel with you. Take several of the fashion-correct colours to provide alluring lipwear for every occasion. On the warm sands or a sun-dappled terrace, in the leafy shade of a bush track or under the star-studded night sky . . . Michel *stays on longer*. Wear it always to make your lips lovelier with rich colour, provocative with the subtle perfume only Michel possesses.

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Neil Wilson

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In every way the Richard Hudnut Kit is a true "professional" production — brings you the same processes, technique and preparations proved in years of luxury waving. You can give yourself a true salon-type wave, at home, at a fraction of the cost.



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*Limber
up...*

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

● A neater waist, more slender thighs, and more supple figure lines can be achieved without dieting.

Big measurements are not always due to overweight, but often to lack of flexibility. For suppleness, try these "limber lady" exercises daily, repeating each several times.

SIDE SWING. Back flat against table or couch end, stand on toes with left leg raised sideways. Now swing across body and far round to right without turning upper torso.



PULL THROUGH. Supporting weight on shoulders, point toes towards ceiling, slowly spreading legs, being careful not to let the knees bend.



SLOW CYCLE. Weight on shoulders, arms straight, with one leg pointed towards ceiling, slowly draw other knee down to chest. As this leg straightens bring opposite knee to chest. With efficiency, speed up the timing.

AIR BALLET. Weight on shoulders, to count of eight extend legs until knees are tight and toes ceilingwards. Now quickly cross one ankle and foot over other, ballet fashion, to right, then left.



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GET **NEW** BETTER-THAN-EVER PERSIL

See the **EXTRA DAZZLE**
in all your wash

SATURDAY NIGHT!

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

RECIPES on this page are planned for week-end menus. Hot and cold main dishes are included, so it should be an easy matter to suit individual tastes.

Each dish can be made to look as good as it tastes—all are reasonably economical and guaranteed to satisfy appetites sharpened by outdoor exercise.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

LAMB AND PINEAPPLE FLAPJACKS

Four ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cold lamb, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 egg, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, fat for frying, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers, 6 or 7 pineapple slices, 6 or 7 tomato slices.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne into bowl. Beat egg, add milk. Make a well in centre of flour, add liquid, stir from centre outwards, making a smooth batter. Fold in melted margarine or butter, lamb, and onion, mix well. Fry a heaped tablespoonful at a time in small quantity hot fat for 7 or 8 minutes, turning once during cooking. Place a slice of pineapple (core removed) on top of each flapjack, then a tomato slice. Wrap each in bacon rashers, secure with cocktail stick. Place on greased tray in moderate oven until bacon is cooked. Serve piping hot.

SUMMER SALAD LOAF

One wholemeal sandwich loaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. softened cream cheese, 1 medium-sized white onion, 2 firm tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 cup white sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups finely diced cold meat (lamb, poultry, or rabbit), 1 tablespoon diced, parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), 2 tablespoons diced ham or cooked bacon, lettuce, curled celery, radishes, chopped mint, 1 hard-boiled egg, berry tomatoes or colored cocktail onions.

Remove crusts from loaf, cut into 3 slices lengthwise. Spread top of bottom slice with a little cream cheese. Cover with very thinly sliced onion and tomato, dust with salt and pepper. Spread lower side of middle slice with cream cheese, place over tomato layer. Combine sauce, meat, red pepper, ham or bacon. Season with salt and pep-



per. Spread over bread, top with remaining slice. Coat loaf all over with balance of cream cheese. Decorate top with finely chopped hard-boiled egg, chopped mint, and berry tomatoes or cocktail onions. Arrange on lettuce leaves, garnish dish with celery, radishes, and tomato wedges. Serve in slices.

TOASTED COCONUT APPLES

Five or six small red apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed fruit, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, small quantity melted margarine or butter, toasted coconut, cherries to decorate.

Remove cores from apples, peel thinly. Stuff centres with mixed fruit, top with nut of margarine or butter. Place in ovenware dish with sugar, water, and lemon juice. Cover dish, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until apples are quite soft. Baste frequently with syrup while cooking. Allow to become cold. Brush surface of each apple with melted margarine or butter, roll in toasted coconut. Decorate with cherries. Chill before serving with ice-cream and jelly.

DATE AND BRAN SCONES

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bran, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon peanut butter, chopped nuts.

Sift flour and baking powder, add bran. Rub in margarine or butter. Add sugar, chopped dates, and lemon rind. Beat egg and milk, fold into dry ingredients, making a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with floured knife or cutter, place on greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Brush with peanut butter while hot, sprinkle with nuts. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve with butter or fruit conserve.

TOMATO CHEESE SAVORY

Six ounces macaroni, 6oz. grated cheese, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 medium onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, salt, pepper, parsley.

Drop macaroni into boiling salted water, add thinly sliced onions.

HERE ARE suggestions for the Saturday evening meal. Summer salad loaf or lamb and pineapple flapjacks, followed by toasted coconut apples with jelly and ice-cream, and date bran scones.

Cook steadily until both are tender. Drain, place macaroni and onion in greased ovenware dish. Stir in mustard. Beat egg with milk, stir into macaroni. Top with overlapping slices of tomato, dust lightly with salt and pepper, coat thickly with cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 25 to 30 minutes until set and top golden-brown. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

CINNAMON ROLLETES

Two cups self-raising flour, good pinch salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated apple, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins or sultanas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, brown sugar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to oblong sheet about 1-3rd inch thick. Brush surface with milk, cover with apple, raisins or sultanas, lemon rind, and cinnamon mixed together. Sprinkle with brown sugar.

Roll up as for swiss roll. Cut into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Place on greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes.

PIG'S CHEEK AND VEAL BRAWN

One pig's cheek, 1 knuckle of veal, 2 thin slices of onion, warm water, salt, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley sprigs, green salad.

Soak pig's cheek for half an hour. Place in saucepan with knuckle of veal and onion slices. Add warm water to cover. Simmer very gently until meat is quite tender. Drain, reserving one pint of the stock. Dice or mince pork and veal. Dissolve gelatine in the hot stock. Season with salt, add lemon juice. Set a thin layer of this jelly in bottom of wetted mould. Arrange pattern of sliced hard-boiled egg and parsley sprigs. Add a little more jelly, allow to set. Mix balance of jelly with meat mixture, fill into mould. Chill until firm. Unmould, serve with green salad.



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BAKED FRUIT TRIFLE, a consolation prize winner, is delicious. Any combination of fruits may be substituted for the mixture of pineapple, banana, and passionfruit suggested in the recipe.

VEAL and tongue brawn makes an appetising salad platter served with cream cheese roll, coated with chopped nuts, and crisp salad vegetables. Recipes for brawn and cream cheese roll both win prizes in this week's contest.



Readers win cash prizes for appetising summer dishes

FIRST prize of £5 is awarded to a recipe for veal and tongue brawn. Served with salad it is an economical and satisfying dish.

If unsalted tongues are used, add 1 teaspoon salt, or salt to taste, to liquid drained from meat. If desired, cooked peas or diced carrots may be added to the brawn before setting.

Cream cheese roll, which wins a consolation prize this week, goes well with the brawn. Add salad ingredients, and you have an attractive and appetising main dish for luncheon or dinner.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

VEAL AND TONGUE BRAWN

One large knuckle veal, 4 sheep's tongues, 2 bacon bones, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 cloves, water.

Trim tongues, wash thoroughly, soak ½ hour in cold water. Place in saucepan, heat to boiling point, simmer 20 minutes, drain. Add knuckle of veal, bacon bones, vinegar, sugar, and cloves to pan, barely cover with fresh cold water. Bring to boiling point, cook gently 2 hours. If tongues are not cooked, remove knuckle of veal and bacon bones and continue cooking until tongues are tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Skin tongues, cut into dice. Finely chop veal and meat from bacon bones, or put all meat through mincer. Mix together, turn into wetted mould. Add sufficient strained liquid to cover. When cool, freeze in ice-chest or refrigerator. Unmould, serve with salad ingredients.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Wallace, 1 Base Workshops, R.A.E.M.E., Bandiana, Vic.

BAKED FRUIT TRIFLE

One-half plain sponge or cake (1 or 2 days old), raspberry jam, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups milk, vanilla essence, 2 bananas, 4 or 5

slices pineapple, 2 passionfruit, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 egg-whites and 6 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Cut cake into wedges, arrange in bottom of oven-proof dish. Spread thinly with raspberry jam. Beat eggs, add sugar, milk, and few drops vanilla essence. Pour over cake, stand oven-proof dish in dish of cold water, bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until set—approximately 45 minutes. Cool slightly. Slice bananas, dice pineapple, mix with passionfruit pulp and sugar. Spread fruit on top of pudding, reserving some banana slices and passionfruit pulp to decorate. Preserve color of bananas by coating with lemon juice. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until mixture forms peaks; flavor with lemon juice and vanilla. Pile roughly over fruit. Return to cool oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Garnish with banana slices, passionfruit pulp, and glace cherries. Serve hot, or chilled with ice-cream. Meringue may be topped with chopped nuts if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss I. Berry, Royal Mail Bag 143, Clarence Town, N.S.W.

CREAM CHEESE ROLL

Four ounces cream cheese, 4oz. grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons very finely diced onion, 1 dessertspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons cooked finely diced celery, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped peanuts.

Soften margarine or butter, heat in cream cheese. Add grated cheese, onion, horseradish, celery, red pepper, mayonnaise, and salt. Mix well. Shape into long roll, coat with chopped peanuts. Place in refrigerator or ice-chest until firm (1½ to 2 hours). Serve in slices with crisp salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Petters, 5 Delta, 76 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

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Fish Paste Toasties (illustrated). Cut thin slices of bread, remove crusts. Butter, spread with your favourite Kraft Fish Paste, add a little finely chopped onion, roll up, spear with tooth-picks and toast.



Fish Paste Canapes (illustrated). Cut circles or other shapes from white bread. Fry in oil, butter or margarine. Blend any Kraft Fish Paste with a little finely chopped garlic, parsley and cayenne. Spread on fried rounds or crackers and serve cold.

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Christmas

Tricks with DUREX



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1/- PER ROLL OF 15 FT.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 12, 1949

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You're in for a big surprise if you've never cleaned your bath with Bon Ami. No scratchy grit to dull the surface—to make your hands red and rough. Bon Ami is fine, white, safe! And it's fast and easy, too. Actually polishes as it cleans. Leaves a sparkle such as you've never seen before. Try Bon Ami just once and see how much better it is!

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Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are wonderfully soothing at teething times. They ensure regular, easy motions, cool the blood and are absolutely safe. Try them next time baby is fretful through teething.

Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

**ASHTON & PARSONS
INFANTS' POWDERS**



CARNIVAL cushions for sun-lovers can be whipped together at very little cost. These were made from hessian. Gaily colored scraps of knitting wool make the tufts which decorate oblong cushion. Directions given on this page.



WALNUTS as trimming were a minor sensation this year—and now come shells. When you go down to the beach collect some and make a novel belt like the one pictured above.

To make a brighter Christmas

● Suggestions for Christmas gifts for family and friends are given on these pages. All are unusual, but inexpensive.

WHEN you make your choice, get the materials together, and make a flying start on your gift list.

Lean and lanky but back-supporting is this tufted cushion pictured above, made from a baby's cot pillow. For the cover you want 1yd. 36in. wide fairly coarse linen, crash, or hessian (these cushions were made from dyed hessian). Tufts are knitting wool left-overs.

This cushion cover is made from two pieces of material 17in. by 27in. If you're covering an old cushion, cut material the size of your cushion plus 1in. turnings all round. Allowing 1in. turnings stitch down long sides and press. Draw a thread down centre, the length of cushion top on right side. Mark 4in. either side of this centre thread and draw one thread each side. This gives you the three rows for woollen tufts.

To make tufts: Wind wool round four fingers—about eighteen turns. Cut wool. Remove from fingers and wind thread tightly round middle of little "hank," stitching firmly through middle to make quite secure; then, with needle and thread still attached, place tuft on first drawn thread 3in. in from one short end of cushion.

Push needle and thread through material, pull wool through until small button-shape appears and stitch firmly into place. Cut wool loops on right side.

Stitch tufts along drawn threads in five rows, equal distance apart. Complete cushion by stitching along one short end, raw edges on wrong side. Press.

Turn cover to right side, draw over pillow and overview remaining short end. Trim tufts to match.

The fringed cover can be made to fit any sized cushion. For a cushion 18in. square, cut two 20in. squares of hessian or linen. Round the front corners, starting to round 4in. down from the corners.

Run a double row of stitching 1in. from edge round three sides. Draw over cushion, then stitch along remaining side. Fringe the edges.

How to make the belt

YOU need fifteen limpet shells, as near as possible the same size, but have one or two extra to allow for casualties when you start drilling

them. In addition, you need two snail-shaped shells, a piece of brightly colored webbing your waist measurement, with a piece of stiff braid the same length; 1½yds. of thin silk cord, six large hooks, and a small amount of plastic cement and clear spirit varnish.

First clean the shells, drill a small hole each side ½in. from the edge, with a hand drill, and then coat with varnish. Line the webbing with the stiffening, turn in the ends neatly and sew three hooks down each, so that they just protrude on the right side.

With thread to match webbing, sew the shells along the belt ½in. apart. Knot cord ends, and press each into a snail shell with cement. Thread cord round hooks to fasten.

Nursery furniture

FOR the table you will need four pieces of wood 27in. long by 1½in. wide by ½in. thick; four pieces of broom-handle 15in. long and ½in. in diameter; 1 light pine box; four furniture tacks.

For each stool: Four pieces of wood 9in. long by 1in. wide by ½in. thick; four pieces of broom-handle 8in. long; round tin lid 9in. in diameter; stuffing.

Paint; nails; screws; 1yd. 36in. plastic material, not transparent; 1yd. white frilling.

To make the table: Join together at right angles two 27in. pieces of wood. Drill a hole ½in. in diameter in each of the four ends 1in. from the end. Push one of the four 15in. long pieces of broom-handle upright into each hole and secure with a screw.

Join other two pieces of wood 27in. long in same way and drill hole in each end as before. Fit frame over top of the broom-handles, secure with screws.

To make table top, take box to pieces, place boards together to make two 28in. squares. Place these on top of each other, one set of boards running horizontally, the other vertically. Draw circle 27in. in diameter on this square, and cut it out.

Nail this table top on to the table frame. Tack each broom-handle end underneath the frame. Cover the table top with plastic. Paint all wood-work.



UNUSUAL BOOKENDS like these make charming gifts. Delicate looking but tough and functional, they are made from shells set in tiles. Directions, page 63.



"COOKERY for Parties" . . . happiest gift of all. This fascinating book, compiled from winning entries in The Australian Women's Weekly £3000 Cookery Contest, is available at your newsagent or bookseller. Price only 2/-. Send it to all your friends at Christmas.

Make frames for stools in the same way as you did for table. Fit tin lid over one end of frame, secure with screws, pad and cover with



FURNITURE for toddlers: Meals will be happily eaten if you lay on a nursery restaurant. This delightful table and the matching stools, like small mushrooms, would fit into a corner of the dining-room or adjacent verandah at meal-time. Plastic covering simply needs wiping, and a stiff muslin collar frill gives pretty finish to stools. Directions for making given on page 68.



THIS gaily covered lounge cushion would make a delightful gift. An old mattress could be cut down for the purpose. Directions given on this page.

① **PLAIN** white or pastel-toned fabric gloves make useful gifts, but feminine frills of delicate lace lift them into the luxury class as Christmas gifts. Directions for attaching frills given on this page.



plastic, gluing plastic down inside lid. Paint the stool frames to match the table. Attach frills with drawing pins.

Glove transformation

YOU can transform a pair of plain white fabric gloves into a luxury pair like those pictured on this page in a matter of minutes with enough frilling 2 1/2 in. deep to go round the wrist of your gloves (about 1 yd. for each).

Trim the glove to wrist length, or 1 1/2 in. below gathers, turn in the raw edge and tack frilling in place. Stitch through the centre of the frilled edge. Seam ends of frilling together. Match with other glove.

Sea-shell bookends

YOU need two scallop shells, a handful or two of smaller shells, and two large colored tiles, four strips of narrow wood about 3 in. long, 20 longish nails, glue, some fine sawdust, and two small pots of enamel paint, one pink, one sea-green, also some scraps of felt.

Scrub the scallop shells clean and scrape off any roughness. Then, for one bookend, take two of the strips of wood, place them side by side, and drive five nails right through each, from inside to outside of the pair. Glue the scallop shell between so that the nail heads stick out on each side.

Glue the mounted shell down to

one tile, centring it on one long side as near the edge as possible. Scatter a very little of the sawdust over the glue before sticking down to give a firm grip.

Enamel the inside of the shell pink and leave it to dry.

Sort your small shells. All sorts can be used, some picked up on the seashore, some from the garden, some bought from junk shops for a few pence. Divide them equally, more or less, so that the bookends will have the same balance.

Mix up a good deal of glue and sawdust with just a spot of water to a stiffish paste. Plan the position for the three largest shells to be at centre and sides of the base of the scallop shell, cover the nail heads with the sticky mixture and bed these three down.

Then continue building up the shell group so that it spreads out to the front of the tile and part way up the scallop shell, fixing each shell with the adhesive and slipping in a very tiny one here and there to fill in chinks.

Pile the adhesive mixture up at the back of the scallop shell to represent rock, covering the supporting nails and any wood that may be showing. When quite dry and hard paint the back of the shell and rock sea-green.

A coat of clear varnish brings out the lovely colors of the shells and is

an improvement, though not essential.

Enamel the edges of the tile to match the top, if necessary, and finally glue a piece of felt to the base.

Sun lounge

THIS is made from a 3 ft. 10 in. dropside cot mattress, plus a standard-size pillow. Measure up your mattress to see how much material you will need if yours is not the 3 ft. 10 in. size.

For this size mattress the top covering for sun lounge takes 2 yds. 36 in. material; 5 yds. webbing about 3-4 1/2 in. wide for the boxy sides or 1 yd. 36 in. contrasting material to be cut into 4 1/2 in. wide strips; 2 yds. 36 in. plastic or other waterproof material for the base and 6 1/2 yds. colored cord.

Place mattress and pillow on floor with pillow along top of mattress. Cut a strip from your top covering material 68 in. long and 26 in. wide.

Using webbing (or contrasting material cut into 4 1/2 in. wide strips) you want a length to go round the two sides and foot of mattress, plus 2 in. Next cut a strip to go round top edge of pillow and pillow's two sides, plus 2 in.

Stitch these strips to top cover, the extra 2 in. overlapping 1 in. at either side where pillow and mattress meet. Stitch cord round lounge to cover side seams.

Back sun lounge with plastic or waterproof material, cutting a strip for this 26 in. wide and 77 in. long. Stitch base to sides as far as mattress head. Then backing material down depth at head of mattress and up depth of lower edge of pillow — in fact following the ends of the boxy sides which were left loose here and overlapping an inch. Tuck in this overlap for neatness. This makes a joint so that pillow can be propped up for reading.

Stitch a double row of cord across the sun lounge where pillow and mattress meet, taking your stitching right through to the base.

To accentuate the boxy tailored effect of your sun lounge, run a row of stitching just below the seam of sides and base.

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No more worry with superfluous hair! Veet ends this trouble in 3 minutes. No ugly razor stubble or shadow, yet every trace of hair is gone and your skin left white and velvety smooth.

Just apply Veet hair removing cream straight from the tube. After 3 minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains. Skin is left cool and smooth as if no ugly hair had ever existed. Get a tube of Veet today. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

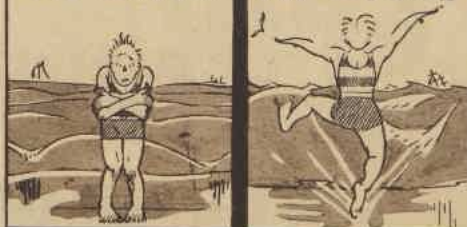


Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/9 per tube



Mr Grrrh

Mr Grand



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'
for cheerful livers

2/3 & 3/9 a bottle



Your eyes are your most precious possession,
so keep them healthy, clear and
sparkling by the daily use
of soothing Dr. Newell's Eye
Drops. It's a beauty as well
as a health treatment, for it
makes dull eyes bright and glamorous
... brings back the sparkle and
lustre of youth.



YOU CAN'T REPLACE YOUR EYES, SO PROTECT THEM!



Dr. Newell's Eye
Drops are prepared
to a prescription
that has been used
with gratifying results for many years by
a leading eye specialist. Two drops in each
eye bring glorious relief to sore, tired or bloodshot
eyes. Use them after a day in the sun to
counteract the effects of glare and dust. At the
first sign of Conjunctivitis, Sandy
Blight or "Hay Fever Eyes"
use Dr. Newell's Eye Drops to
clear up the condition. They're
just as safe and effective for children as for adults.



Dr. Newell's Eye Drops are
sold by chemists only

... Buy them where
you see the Guild
Chemists sign
displayed.

Dr. Newell's
EYE DROPS

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

3/6
per bottle complete
with eye
dropper.



This product is endorsed by the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 211.—DAY FROCK

A fresh pique collar is a feature of this frock, cut out ready to sew in a printed spun with a white design on blue, lemon, aqua, or green ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 26/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/6. Registered postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 212.—DUCHESS SET

Traced ready to embroider, this unusual waterlily-design duchesse set is in heavy cream linen and sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, sky-blue, and green. The large mat measures 11 x 17in., the small mats 8 x 8in. Price: Complete set, 6/11. Postage, 6½d. extra.

No. 213.—THROWOVER

This dainty throwover, measuring 36 x 36in., is traced ready to embroider in soft pastel colors on white, blue, lemon, pink, and green organdie. Trim with a narrow lace edge (lace not supplied). Price, 5/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

No. 214.—APRON

Gay and feminine, this apron is cut out and traced ready to sew and embroider in pastel-blue, lemon, pink, green, and white organdie. Price, 6/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

No. 215.—SAFARI SUIT

Cut out ready to make up in a British headcloth in beige, green, saxe-blue, and mid-grey, this safari suit is ever-popular for summer wear. The trousers have a buttoned front. Sizes: Length 20in., 4 yrs., 11/3. Postage, 8½d. extra. Length 23in., 6 yrs., 12/6. Postage, 9½d. extra. Length 27in., 8 yrs., 13/11. Postage, 10½d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 45.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5737.—Cool one-piece has scooped-out neckline and cap sleeves. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5738.—Bare shoulder dress and matching jacket. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/8.

F5739.—Small girl's waisted one-piece. Sizes, 18, 20, and 23in. lengths for 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5740.—Contrast materials for a one-piece with unusual skirt treatment. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5741.—Simple pretty summer style. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.



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46

with shielded nib of solid 14ct. gold, osmi-iridium tipped... patent "bridge" ink control feed... choice of four lovely colours.

GOLD-FILLED CAP: 60/9
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(not illustrated)
fitted with a 14ct. solid gold, osmi-iridium tipped, half-hooded nib, and gold-filled clip and band. In claret, wine, dark blue, light blue, jet black... 19/6

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Casben Shorts topped with Casben's
spanking new safari jacket—unpadded
Safari Jacket—so light you can
count its weight in ounces! See it
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WOMEN
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The answer's "YES" to both when he's wearing

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Both sexes agree—a man looks his casual best in Casben Walk Shorts. He feels his best, too—feels right—for he knows that no other shorts can approach the quiet, sure styling, the easy, good-mannered cut of Casbens. Indeed, it's a compliment to her (and your own good taste) when you choose comfortable Casbens for your weekend outings as well as for your active sports.

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LOOK FOR THE CASBEN OVAL  ON EVERY GARMENT...
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See the new
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They take your valuables
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get 'em wet!



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